



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

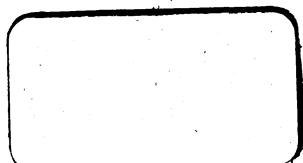
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

APPLE BLOSSOMS
AND OTHER STORIES

Educ T 758.98.808



Harvard College Library
THE GIFT OF
GINN AND COMPANY





3 2044 097 064 356

APPLE BLOSSOMS

AND OTHER STORIES

COMPILED FOR CULTURE AND NATURE STUDIES AS OUT-
LINED IN THE COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF KANSAS

BY

EDMUND STANLEY, A.M.

EX-STATE SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

AND

A. R. TAYLOR, Ph.D.

PRESIDENT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, EMPORIA, KANSAS

CHICAGO

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

1898

Educ T 758.98.808

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

GIFT OF

GINN & COMPANY

MARCH 17, 1927

Copyright 1898

By SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

PREFACE.

At the time of the publication of the Course of Study for City and District Schools in 1897, the announcement was made that two members of the committee would on their own responsibility issue a little volume containing many of the readings suggested in connection with the culture and nature work, together with suggestions concerning organization, methods, etc. Many circumstances have conspired to prevent the publication of the promised volume until now, but it is hoped that the delay has not lessened the interest which so many teachers have expressed in it.

The reception given the Course of Study shows how deeply the movement it represents has taken hold of the profession in this state, and how rapid has been the advance from mechanical method toward basic principles. The courses of study in thousands of Kansas schools have been modified more or less in accord with its plan, and correlation in the lower grades has proved a healthful stimulus alike to pupil and teacher.

The selections named in the Course of Study are scattered through so many different books that many teachers have found the expense to secure them greater than they could afford, and as a consequence have been embarrassed in their work. This collection, while not complete, is intended to present a sufficiently representative number of the selections to enable

teachers at little expense to follow the proposed plan of correlation in the various grades. The selections here given may be supplemented by others from the school readers and from other books in the teachers' libraries or in the homes of the children. The time of the year and the locality, together with the capacity of the children, must control the choice and the method of using the selections.

We desire to express our warm appreciation of the courtesy extended to us by the owners of the copyrights of the different selections herein given. Teachers will find the names of books from which selections are taken at the foot of the page where the title of the selection first occurs. These books are not only for libraries but are intended for supplementary reading in schools.

The original plan of the volume has been changed somewhat, because of our desire to keep the price as low as possible.

The introduction of lessons illustrating methods of correlation in the present edition of the Course of Study reduces the necessity for any elaborate attempt in this volume, though the few lessons given will doubtless be appreciated.

An intelligent use of these selections will depend upon a thorough understanding of the preface to Nature and Culture Studies given in the Course of Study.

EDMUND STANLEY.

A. R. TAYLOR.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

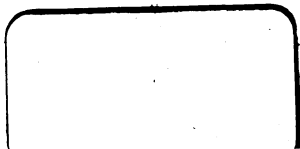
PART I.

	PAGE
Suggestions to Teachers	7
Apple Blossoms	9
Little Red Riding Hood	11
The Anxious Leaf	17
How the Leaves Came Down	19
Golden-Rod and Asters	21
A Little One's Welcome	25
Treasure-Boxes	26
The Cranes of Ibycus	31
Arachne	34
Water-Lilies	37
The Little Match-Girl	40
Coming and Going	44
The Brook's Song	47
The North Wind and the Snow Princess	48
Cinderella, or, The Little Glass Slipper	51
How the Chipmunk Got the Stripes on Its Back	60
The Straw, the Coal and the Bean	62
The Swan Maidens	64
The Conceited Apple-Branch	66
Dandelions	71
How the Robin's Breast Became Red	72
Only a Flower	74
The Ugly Duckling	75
What Robin Told	89
The Story of a Bird	90
Little Birdie	91
Song of Seven	92
The Story of the Pine-Tree	94
The Fairy Folk	96
Pansy—An Allegory	99
The First Snow-Fall	100
An Old Story from Tadpole Land	102
The Golden Touch	105
Diamonds and Toads	113
Talking in Their Sleep	117
The Child and the Lily	119

Edue T 758.98.808

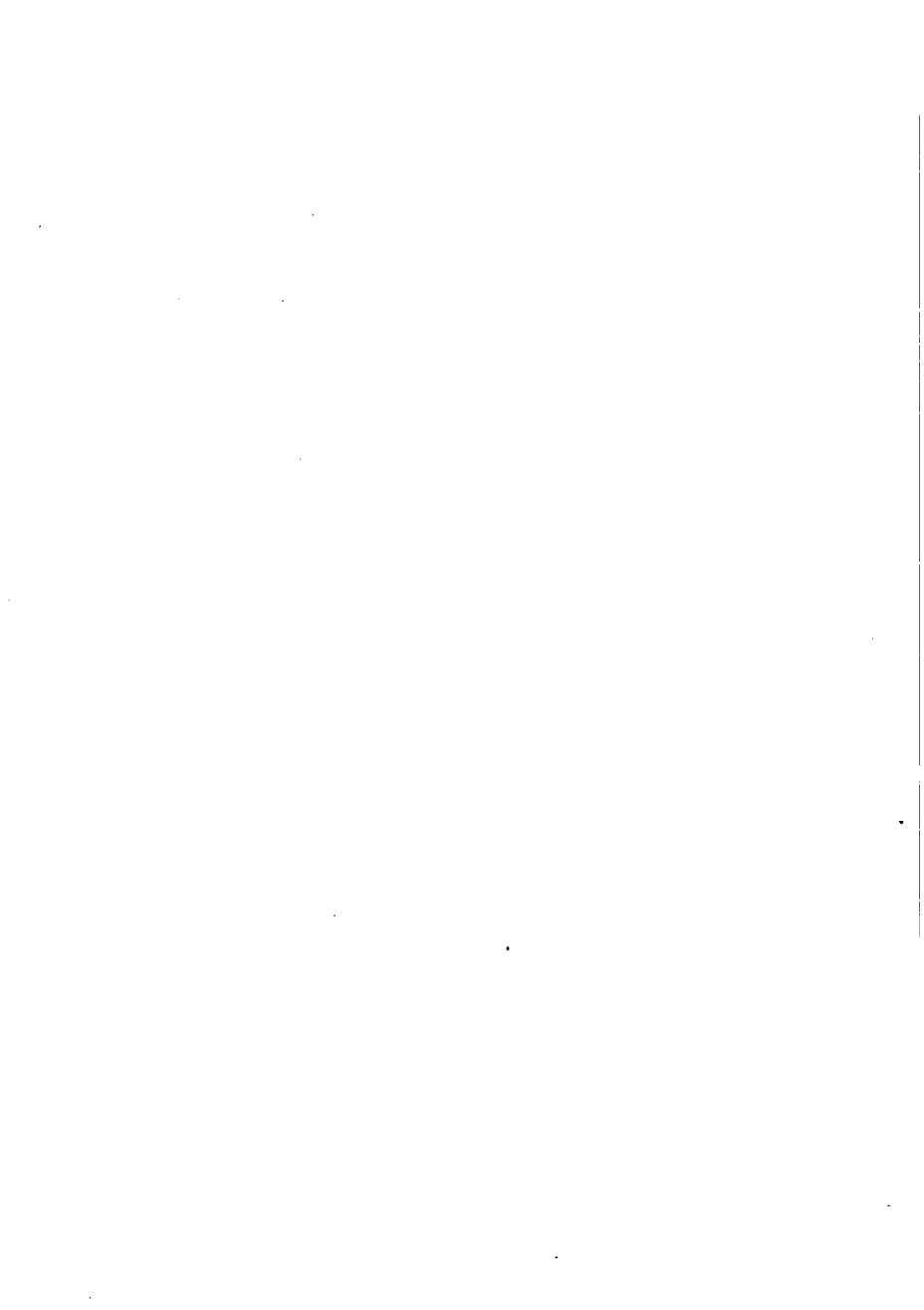


Harvard College Library
THE GIFT OF
GINN AND COMPANY





3 2044 097 064 356



Apple Blossoms.*

“WE are much handsomer than you are,” said the little apple blossoms to the tiny pears on a tree near by. “Just see what pink and white wings we have. Your wings are never so pretty as ours. They are only white; still we wonder that you throw them down there on the grass even if there was no pink in them.”

“Don’t be silly,” answered the tiny pears. “You will throw away your wings very soon and the little green apples that will be left won’t look so very different from us.”

“Throw away our wings! Never!” cried the apple blossoms, their pretty pink cheeks growing redder and redder.

“Very well. We won’t quarrel over it,” said the tiny pears. “But we think you are very silly.”

“And we think you are very silly!” answered the apple blossoms.

The days went by. The little pink blossoms on the apple tree began to fade. Their pretty pink cheeks lost their color.

“What has happened to our beautiful wings,”

* From *Stories of Garden and Field*, by permission of Educational Publishing Co.

moaned the tiny apples. "O dear! O dear!" "It is time to shake off those faded apple blossoms," said the spring wind. Blow! Blow! and down came a pretty shower of white petals upon the grass below. For a minute the tiny apples looked at each other half afraid.

"Never mind," said they at last, "those wings were growing as pale and white as the pear blossoms. We do not want them. Let's grow now as fast as ever we can and change into beautiful red apples." The tiny pears on the next tree hid their eyes and laughed to themselves. They laughed till the whole tree shook with their laughter.

"We told you so," they cried. But the tiny apples were so busy growing that they did not even hear what the little pears said to them.

Little Red Riding Hood.*

A LONG time ago there lived in the country a little girl who was as good and pretty as any rose in June.

I cannot tell you her real name, but those who knew her best called her "Little Red Riding Hood." They called her so because she wore a wonderful little cloak, with a hood that was as bright as gold, and red like the clouds at sunset.

This cloak and hood had been given to her by her Grandmother, who was so old that she could not tell her own age, and people said that the hood was made of rays of sunshine, and that it would bring good luck to the one who wore it. And so it did, as you will see.

One day the child's mother said, "Here is a nice cake that I have baked for your Grandmother. You may put on your cloak and hood, and go and take it to her, so that she may have it for her Sunday dinner to-morrow. You are old enough now to find the way by yourself; but you must be sure not to stop on the road to talk to folks whom you do not know. You may ask your Grandmother how she is, and when you have rested an hour, you must come back home. Will you remember?"

"Yes, mother, I will remember," said Little Red

*From *Fairy Stories and Tales*. Copyright by American Book Co., 1895.

Riding Hood; and off she went with the cake, quite proud to think that she could go so far by herself.

Her Grandmother's house was a long way off, and she had to go through a big wood before she could get there. But she was not afraid. She looked at the tall trees that grew on each side of the path, and thought how nice it would be to stop a little while and play in the cool shade; and yet she did not stop.

All at once she heard some one cry out: "Who goes there?"

It was a wolf who called. He had seen the child go into the wood, and had made up his mind to kill and eat her. But just at that time he heard some woodcutters at work among the trees, and he feared they might come that way. So he changed his plans.

He ran toward Little Red Riding Hood, and frisked around her like a pet dog. The child had never seen a fierce wild beast, and she was not at all afraid of him.

"Oh, my dear Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, "how glad I am to see you!" and he smiled and bowed as well as he could.

"You know me then?" she said; "and pray, what is your name?"

"My name is friend Wolf," he said. "And where are you going this fine day with your little basket on your arm?"

"I am going to my Grandmother's, to take her a nice cake for her Sunday dinner to-morrow," said the child.

"Where does your Grandmother live, my pretty child?" said the wolf.

"On the other side of the wood, in the little red house by the mill," said the child.

"Ah! yes, I know where she lives," said the wolf. "I had just started there myself. I can go faster than you, so I will run on ahead, and tell your Grandmother that you are coming. Then she'll be looking for you, you know."

Then he smiled and bowed, and left Little Red Riding Hood, and ran by the shortest way through the wood. Soon he came to the little red house by the mill.

He knocked at the door; tic, tic, tic!

There was no answer.

He knocked louder: toc, toc, toc!

Nobody spoke.

Then he stood up on his hind feet and lifted the latch with his paw.

The door opened; there was no one in the house.

The good Grandmother had gone to town to sell her milk and eggs; and she had left the house in such haste that she had not had time to make her bed or hang up her night-cap.

"Ah, ha!" said the wolf, "I'll have things all my own way now!"

So he shut the door, put the night-cap on his head, and then crept into the bed. He drew the sheets about him, and lay quite still, but he did not go to sleep.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was walking quietly along, as little girls always do. Now and then she stopped to pick a daisy or a butter-cup; now and then she turned to look at a bird, or to watch the bees among the flowers. At last she came to the little red house by the mill.

She knocked at the door; tic, tic, tic!

"Who's there?" said the wolf; and he tried to make his rough voice sound soft and gentle.

"It's me, Grandmother—it's Little Red Riding Hood!" she said. "I've brought you a nice cake for your Sunday dinner to-morrow."

"Lift the latch, my dear, and the door will open," said the wolf. "What makes you so hoarse, Grandmother?" said the child, coming in. "Have you a cold?"

"Yes, dear, a very bad cold," said the wolf, and he tried to cough. "Shut the door and latch it, my lamb. Put your basket down, and then take off your pretty cloak and come and sit by the bed. I want to talk with you a little while."

The good child did as she was told,—but remember this: she kept her hood on her head!

She thought it strange that her Grandmother had changed so much.

"What makes you look that way, Grandmother?" she said. "You look like friend Wolf."

"Oh, it's the night-cap that makes me look so," said the wolf.

"What hairy arms you have, Grandmother!"

"All the better to hug you, my lamb."

"Oh, what a big tongue you have, Grandmother!"

"All the better for eating you up!" and the wolf opened his jaws wide to bite the child.

But she put down her head and cried, "Mamma! Mamma!" and the wolf caught hold of her bright hood.

Ah! what made him jump back as if something hurt

him? What made him cry and shake his jaws as if he had tasted red-hot coals?

It was the little hood. The little hood had burnt his tongue and his throat, and scared him out of his wits. For, let me tell you, the hood was a magic cap, like those that you sometimes read about; and no harm could come to the child who wore it.

The wolf jumped off the bed and ran about the room, trying to find the door, and howling and howling as if he had lost all his senses. And this was really the case; for in his fright he fancied that all the men and dogs in the country were after him.

Just then the Grandmother came home from town with a long empty sack on her arm. She lifted the latch and saw the wolf.

"Ah, you thief!" she cried, "just wait a bit, and you'll see what I'll do with you."

She opened the sack wide across the door, and the scared wolf sprang in, head first. No trap could have caught him so well. The brave Grandmother shut the sack; she tied the strings; she ran and threw it into the well; the wolf was drowned.

"You scoundrel!" said the Grandmother. "You thought you would eat my little grandchild, did you? Well, the dogs shall eat you to-morrow, and Little Red Riding Hood shall have a muff made of your skin!"

Then she ran into the house, where the child stood crying and trembling with fear.

"My dear little one," she said, "if it had not been for your magic hood, what would have become of you?"

And then she gave her a good piece of her cake, and made her drink a small glass of fresh milk.

After that she took her by the hand and led her back home.

The Anxious Leaf.*

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

The leaf said, "The wind has just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down upon the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the trembling leaf.

"Do not be afraid," it said; "hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to!"

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred all its leaves, the little leaf danced merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. It grew all the summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around growing very beautiful. Some were yellow, some were brown, and many were striped with different colors. Then the leaf asked the tree what this meant.

The tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of their joy."

* From *Stickney's Fourth Reader*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no colors in them. So the leaf said, "O, branch! why are you lead-colored while we are all beautiful and golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over and whirled it in the air.

Then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves, and has never waked to tell us what it dreamed about.

How the Leaves Came Down.*

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I'LL tell you how the leaves came down.
 The great tree to his children said:
 "You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
 Yes, very sleepy, little Red."

"Ah!" begged each silly pouting leaf,
 "Let us a little longer stay;
 Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
 'Tis such a very pleasant day,
 We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
 To the great tree the leaflets clung,
 Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
 Upon the autumn breezes swung,
 Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
 And let us stay until the spring,
 If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
 But the great tree did no such thing;
 He smiled to hear their whispering.

* From *Stickney's Fourth Reader*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

Golden-Rod and Asters.*

DO you know that flowers, as well as people, live in families? Come into the garden, and I will show you how. Here is a red rose: the beautiful bright-colored petals are the walls of the house,—built in a circle, you see. Next come the yellow stamens, standing also in a circle: these are the father of the household,—perhaps you would say the fathers, there are so many. They stand round the mother, who lives in the very middle, as if they were put there to protect and take care of her. And she is the straight little pistil, standing in the midst of all. The children are seeds, put away for the present in a green cradle at their mother's feet, where they will sleep and grow as babies should, until by and by they will all have opportunities to come out and build for themselves fine rose-colored houses like that of their parents.

It is in this way that most of the flowers live; some, it is true, quite differently: for the beautiful scarlet maple blossoms, that open so early in the spring, have the fathers on one tree, and the mothers on another; and they can only make flying visits to each other when a high wind chooses to give them a ride.

The golden-rod and asters and some of their cousins

* From *Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

have yet another way of living, and it is of this I must tell you to-day.

You know the roadside asters, purple and white, that bloom so plenteously all through the early autumn? Each flower is a circle of little rays, spreading on every side: but, if you should pull it to pieces to look for a family like that of the rose, you would be sadly confused about it; for the aster's plan of living is very different from the rose's. Each purple or white ray is a little home in itself; and these are all inhabited by maiden ladies, living each one alone in the one delicately colored room of her house. But in the middle of the aster you will find a dozen or more little families, all packed away together. Each one has its own small yellow house, each has the father, mother, and one child: they all live here together on the flat circle which is called a disk; and round them are built the houses belonging to the maiden aunts, who watch and protect the whole. This is what we might call living in a community. People do so sometimes. Different families who like to be near each other will take a very large house and inhabit it together; so that in one house there will be many fathers, mothers, and children, and very likely maiden aunts and bachelor uncles besides.

Do you understand now how the asters live in communities? The golden-rod also lives in communities, but yet not exactly after the aster's plan—in smaller houses generally, and these, of course, contain fewer families. Four or five of the maiden aunts live in yellow-walled rooms round the outside; and in the middle live fathers, mothers, and children, as they do

in the asters. But here is a difference: if the golden-rod has smaller houses, it has more of them together upon one stem. I have never counted them, but you can, now that they are in bloom, and tell me how many.

And have you ever noticed how gracefully these great companies are arranged? For the golden-rods are like elm trees in their forms: some grow in one single, tall plume, bending over a little at the top; some in a double or triple plume, so that the nodding heads may bend on each side; but the largest are like the great Etruscan elms, many branches rising gracefully from the main stem and curving over on every side, like those tall glass vases, which I dare say you have all seen.

Do not forget, when you are looking at these golden plumes, that each one, as it tosses in the wind, is rocking its hundreds of little dwellings, with the fathers, mothers, babies, and all.

When you go out for golden-rod and asters, you will find also the great purple thistle, one of those cousins who has adopted the same plan of living. It is so prickly that I advise you not to attempt breaking it off, but only with your finger tips push softly down into the purple tassel; and if the thistle is ripe, as I think it will be in these autumn days, you will feel a bed of softest down under the spreading purple top. A little gentle pushing will set the down all astir, and I can show you how the children are about to take leave of the home where they were born and brought up. Each seed child has a downy wing with which it can fly, and also cling, as you will see, if we set them loose, and the wind blows them onto your woolen frock.

They are hardy children and not afraid of anything; they venture out into the world fearlessly and presume to plant themselves and prepare to build wherever they choose, without regard to the rights of the farmer's plowed field or your mother's nicely laid-out garden.

More of the community flowers are the immortelles, and in spring the dandelions. Examine them, and tell me how they build their houses, and what sort of families they have; how the children go away; when the house is broken up; and what becomes of the fathers, mothers, and aunts.

A Little One's Welcome.*

WELCOME, daisies, from your sleep!
Snow has left the ground,—
Winter's gone; you need not peep
So timidly around!

Welcome, pale green vale and hill,
Homes of bird and bee!
You, too, silver splashing rill,
That used to talk to me.

Welcome, buds upon the bough
Drooping o'er the eaves!
Tho' you're only babies now,
You'll soon be grown-up leaves.

Welcome, soft, blue, sunny sky,
Birds and blossoms gay!
Now you've come at last to try
A good long while to stay.

*From *Boyden's Speaker*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

Treasure-Boxes.*

WE all have our treasure-boxes. Misers have strong iron-bound chests full of gold; stately ladies, pearl inlaid caskets for their jewels; and even you and I, dear child, have our own. Your little box with lock and key, that aunt Lucy gave you, where you have kept for a long time your choicest paper doll, the peacock with spun-glass tail, and the robin's egg that we picked up on the path under the great trees that windy day last spring,—that is your treasure-box. I no less have mine; and, if you will look with me, I will show you how the trees and flowers have theirs, and what is packed away in them.

Come out in the orchard this September day, under the low-bowed peach-trees, where great downy-cheeked peaches almost drop into our hands. Sit on the grassy bank with me, and I will show you the peach-tree's treasure-box.

What does the peach-tree regard as most precious? If it could speak in words, it would tell you its seed is the one thing for which it cares most; for which it has worked ever since spring, storing food, and drinking in sunshine. And it is so dear and valued, because, when the peach-tree itself dies, this seed, its child, may still live on, growing into a beautiful and fruitful tree; therefore, the mother tree cherishes her seed as

* From *Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

her greatest treasure, and has made for it a casket more beautiful than Mrs. Williams's sandal-wood jewel-box.

See the great crack where this peach broke from the bough. We will pull it open; this is opening the cover of the outside casket. See how rich is its outside color, but how wonderfully beautiful the deep crimson fibres which cling about the hard shell inside. For this seed cannot be trusted in a single covering; moreover, the inner box is locked securely, and, I am sorry to say, we haven't the key: so, if I would show you the inside, we must break the pretty box, with its strong, ribbed walls, and then at last we shall see what the peach-tree's treasure-box holds.

Here, too, are the apples, lying on the grass at our feet; we will cut one, for it, too, holds the apple-tree's treasure. First comes the skin, rosy and yellow, a pretty firm wrapping for the outside; but it sometimes breaks, when a strong wind tosses the apples to the ground, and sometimes the insects eat holes in it: so, if this were the only covering, the treasure would hardly be very safe. Therefore, next we come to the firm, juicy flesh of the apple,—seldom to be broken through by a fall, not often eaten through by insects; but lest even this should fail, we come at last far in the middle, to horny sheaths, or cells, built up together like a little fortress, surrounding and protecting the brown, shining seeds, which we reach in the very centre of all.

One thing more let us look at before we leave the apple. Cut it horizontally through the middle with a sharp knife, and try how thin and smooth a slice you

can make; hold it up to the light, and we shall see something very beautiful. There in the centre of the round slice is the delicate figure of a perfect apple-blossom, with all its petals spread; for it was that lovely pink-and-white blossom from which the apple was formed,—a tiny green ball at first, which you may see in the spring, if you look where the blossoms have just fallen. As this little green apple grew, it kept in its very heart always the image of the fair blossom; and now that the fruit has reached this ripe perfection, we may still see the same form.

The pears, too, the apricots and plums, you may see for yourselves; you do not need me to tell their stories.

But come down to the garden, for there I have some of the oddest and prettiest boxes to show. The peas and beans have long canoes, satin-lined and waterproof. On what voyage they are bound, I cannot say.

The tall milk-weed that grew so fast all summer, and threatened to overrun the garden, now pays well for its lodging by the exquisite treasure which its rough-covered, pale-green bag holds. Press your thumb on its closed edges; for this casket opens with a spring, and, if it is ripe and ready, it will uncloseth with a touch, and show you a little fish, with silver scales laid over a covering of long, silken threads, finer and more delicate than any of the sewing-silk in your mother's work-box. This silk is really a winglike float for each scale; and the scales are seeds, which will not stay upon the little fish, but long to float away with their silken trails, and, alighting here and there, cling and seek for a good place to plant themselves.

See, too, how the poppy has provided herself with a

deep, round box of a delicate brown color; the carved lid might have been made by the Chinese, it looks so much like their fine work. Full to the brim, this box is. The poppy is rich in the autumn; brown seeds by the hundred, packed away for another year's use.

Here are the balsams,—touch-me-nots, we used to call them when I was a child; for, poor things, so slightly have they locked up their treasure, that even the baby's little finger will open the rough-feeling oblong casket with a snap and a spring, and send the jewels flying all over the garden-bed, where you will scarcely be able to find them again.

Roses have beautiful, round red globes to hold their precious seeds; and so firm and strong are they, that the winter winds and snows even do not break or open them. I have found them dashed with sea-spray, or on dusty roadsides; everywhere strong and safe, making the dullest day bright with their cheery color.

If we go to the wet meadows and stream-sides, we shall find how the scarlet cardinal has packed away its minute seeds in a pretty little box with two or three partings inside; and the cowslip has a cluster of oval bags as full as they can hold.

Among the rocks, harebells have their tiny five-parted chests; and the columbine, its standing group of narrow brown sacks, which show, if we open them, hundreds of tiny seeds.

But in the woods, the oak has stored her treasures in the acorn; the chestnut, in its bur which holds the nut so safely. The walnut and beech trees have also their hard, safe caskets, and the boys who go nutting know very well what is inside.

Autumn is the time to open these treasures. It takes all the spring and summer to prepare them, and some even need all of September, too, before they are ready to open the little covers. But go into the garden and orchard, into the meadows and woods, and you have not far to look before finding enough to prove that the plants, no less than the children, have treasures to keep, and often most charming boxes to keep them in.

The Cranes of Ibycus.*

SEVERAL old writers mention a race of little men called Pygmies, who lived far away toward the rising of the sun. These little people were afraid of some large birds called cranes, which had long bills and immense appetites. The Pygmies and the cranes had great battles, in which the little people were often beaten and eaten.

After awhile the birds came together by common consent in a great council, and it was agreed that they should all fly away. They formed in ranks like an army, put guards in the rear to keep the army in order and not let any weaker ones get lost. Then they appointed a leader, and rising high into the air where they could see far off into the distance and choose the pleasantest land, they set off with great screams.

It was evening when they started. They flew all night and rested in the daytime, when they hid themselves in tall grasses in marshy places. They appointed day-guards to watch while they slept.

They put a stone in the claw of each guard and told him that he would be punished if he let it fall.

When the guards were appointed, the birds tucked their heads under their wings, each standing on one foot, and dropped off into a slumber.

It is said that they slept all day, and when night

* From *Stories from Plato*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

came they flew on again, so that no one should see them flying, and that they carried their crops full of sand, and stones in their claws to steady them in their flight, as a ship carries ballast.

As they journeyed along they looked down one bright moonlight night and saw a wandering musician, a minstrel, singing from door to door. He sang such songs as the birds sing, and the cranes stopped in their flight to listen.

Ibycus, for that was the wanderer's name, had started out to attend a chariot race, where all the tribes of the country came once a year to a festival. Here the poets met and the singers; and those who sang the sweetest songs were crowned with pine. Ibycus had learned his music from Apollo, the god of music, who was said to understand all harmonies, and to play on a harp with golden strings.

When Ibycus left the town and entered the forest he began to be afraid, for he did not know the way. But looking upward, he saw the gray squadron moving swiftly through the skies, and he called out, "Hail to thee, friendly band! I deem it a favorable sign that thou, too, art come from a distant coast, and dost go in the same direction with me."

Ibycus hastened on in a joyous mood, and soon reached a little bridge where he was attacked by two robbers, who came to steal the gifts which travelers laid on the altars of the gods that were all about the groves. They were rough fellows, unable to understand the gentle poet, whose hand could tune the lyre, but could not string the deadly bow. The poet struggled to free himself, and cried out for help, but no one

came to his assistance. Then he called to the cranes, "Bear ye my dying song to the festival." And he lay down and died of the wounds the robbers had inflicted.

The news of the poet's death was received with great grief at the festival, and all the people hastened to pour wine on the ground that the spirit of the dead man might be at peace and pass to the happy fields of Elysium. But there was a band of furies who circled in a stately dance, chanting fearful songs of sorrow for the beloved Ibycus.

Suddenly the heavens became black as night, and a voice cried out, "See there! See there! Behold the cranes!" When the robbers saw the cranes, they were seized with trembling, and gave themselves up to punishment.

Arachne.*

IN the old mythology it was considered a great sin for any mortal to enter into a contest with a god, and whenever any one did so he incurred a fearful penalty. The maiden Arachne early showed marvelous skill in embroidery and all kinds of needlework. So beautiful were her designs that the nymphs themselves would leave their groves and fountains, and come and gaze, delighted, upon her work. It was not only beautiful when it was done, but was beautiful in doing. As they watched the delicate touch of her fingers they declared that the goddess Minerva must have been her teacher. This Arachne denied, and, grown very vain of her many compliments, she said, "Let Minerva try her skill with mine, and if beaten, I will pay the penalty!"

Minerva heard this, and was greatly displeased with the vanity and presumption of the maiden. Assuming the form of an old woman, she went to Arachne and gave her some friendly advice. "I have much experience," she said, "and I hope you will not despise my counsel. Challenge mortals as much as you like, but do not try to compete with a goddess!" Arachne stopped her spinning, and angrily replied, "Keep your own counsel for your daughters, and handmaids; for my part, I know what I say and I stand to it, I am not afraid of the goddess."

* From *Stories of Olden Time*. Copyright by D. Appleton & Co., 1889.

Minerva then dropped her disguise, and stood before the company in her proper person. The nymphs at once paid her homage. Arachne alone had no fear. She stood by her resolve, and the contest proceeded. Each took her station, and attached the web to the beam. Both worked with speed; their skilful hands moved rapidly, and the excitement of the contest made the labor light.

Minerva wrought into her web the scene of her contest with Neptune. The gods are all represented in their most august forms, and the picture is noble in its perfect simplicity and chaste beauty. In the four corners she wrought scenes where mortals entered into the contest with gods and were punished for their presumption. These were meant as warnings to her rival to give up the contest before it was too late.

Arachne filled her web with subjects designedly chosen to exhibit the failings and errors of the gods. Every story to their discredit she appears to have treasured up. The last scene she represented was that of Jupiter in the form of a bull carrying off Europa across the sea, leaving the heart-broken mother to wander in search of her child until she died.

Minerva examined the work of her rival, and doubly angry at the presumption and sacrilege manifested in her choice of subjects, struck her web with a shuttle and tore it from the loom. She then touched the forehead of Arachne and made her feel her guilt and shame. This she could not endure, and went out and hanged herself. Minerva pitied her, as she saw her hanging by a rope. "Live, guilty woman," she said, "and that you may preserve the memory of this lesson,

continue to hang, you and your descendants, to all future times." She sprinkled her with the juice of aconite, and immediately her form shrunk up, her head grew small, and her fingers grew to her sides and served as legs. All the rest of her is body, out of which she spins her thread, often hanging suspended by it in the same attitude as when Minerva touched her and transformed her into a spider.

Water-Lilies.*

THE stream that crept down from the hills, three miles away, has worn a smooth bed for itself in the gravel; has watered the farmer's fields, and turned the wheel of the old grist-mill, where the miller tends the stones that grind the farmer's corn. But down below here the stream has something else to do. It has been working hard up and away from dam to dam again; and as always in life there should be something besides business,—something beautiful and peaceful,—so the stream has swept round this corner, behind the wooded point of land which hides the mill, and spread itself out in the hollow of Brown's meadow, where farmer Brown says his grandfather used to tell him some Indian wigwams stood when he was a boy. The land has sunk since then, and there is something more beautiful than Indian wigwams there now.

Where the old squaws used to sit weaving baskets, and the papposes rolled and played, is now thick, black mud, in which are great tangled roots, some of them bigger than my arm.

All winter they lie there under the ice, while the children skate over them. In the spring, when everything stirs with new life, they, too, must wake up: so, slowly and steadily, they begin to put up long stems to reach the surface of the water. Chambered stems

* From *Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

they are, each having four passages leading up to the air, and down to the root and black mud. The walls of these chambers are brown and slimy, and each stem bears at its top a slimy bud,—slimy on the outside, brownish-green as it pushes up through the water; for this outer coat is stout and waterproof, and can well afford to be unpretending, since it carries something very precious wrapped up inside.

Not days, but weeks,—even months, it is working upon this hidden treasure before we shall see it. And the July mornings have come while we wait.

Can you wake at three o'clock, children, and, while the birds are singing their very best songs, go down the road under the elms, across the little bridge, and through the hemlock grove at the right? It is a mile to walk, and you will not be there too early. The broad, smooth pond, that the brook has made for its holiday pleasure, is at our feet. At its bottom are the tangled roots; on the surface, among the flat, green leaves, float those buds that have been so long creeping towards the light.

One long, bright beam from the sun just rising smiles across the meadow, and touches the folded buds. They must, indeed, smile back in reply; so the thick sheath unfolds, and behold! the whitest, fairest lily-cup floats on the water, and its golden centre smiles back to the sun with many rays.

We watched only one, but perhaps none is willing to be latest in greeting the sun, and the pond is already half-covered with a snowy fleet of boats fit for the fairies,—boats under full sail for fairy-land, laden with beauty and fragrance.

And this is what the dark mud can send forth. This is one of Mother Nature's hidden treasures. Perhaps she hides something as white and beautiful in all that seems dark and ugly, if only we will wait and watch for it, and be willing to come at the very dawn of day to look for it.

The lilies will stay with us now that at last they are here, all through the rest of the summer, and even into the warm, sunny days of earliest October; but it will be only a few who stay so late as that. And where have the others gone, meanwhile? You see there are no dead lilies floating, folded and decaying, among the pads.

The stem that found its way so surely to the upper world knows not less surely the way back again; and when its white blossom has opened for the last time, and then wrapped its green cloak about it again, not to be unfolded, the chambered stem coils backward, and carries it safely to the bottom, where its seed may ripen in the soft, dark mud, and prepare for another summer.

The Little Match-Girl.*

IT was very cold; it snowed, and was beginning to grow dark, and it was the last night of the year, too—New Year's Eve.

In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl was wandering about the streets with bare head and bare feet.

She had a pair of slippers on when she left home, but what was the good of them?

They were very large, old slippers of her mother's—so large that they fell off the little girl's feet, as she ran across the street to get out of the way of two carriages, which came rushing along at a great rate. One slipper was not to be found, and a boy ran off with the other.

Thus the little girl wandered about barefooted, with some matches in an old apron, whilst she held a bundle of them in her hand.

No one had bought any matches of her through the whole day—no one had given her a single penny.

Hungry, and blue with cold, the poor little girl crept along, the large flakes of snow covering her yellow hair, which curled round her face; but it gave her no comfort to think of that.

In a corner between two houses, she found shelter. Curling herself up, she drew her poor little feet, which

* From *New National Reader Series*, by permission of American Book Company.

were red and blue with cold, under her as well as she could; but she was colder than ever, and dared not go home, for, as she had sold no matches, her cruel father would beat her.

Besides, it was cold at home, for they lived just under the roof, and the wind blew in, though straw and old rags had been stuffed into the large cracks.

Her little hands were quite benumbed with cold. O how much good one match would do, if she dared but take it out of the bundle, draw it across the wall, and warm her fingers in the flame!

She took one out and drew it across the wall. How it sputtered and burned! It burned with a warm, bright flame, like a candle, and she bent her hand round it; it was a wonderful light!

It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large stove, in which the fire burned brightly, and gave out such comfort and such warmth!

She stretched out her feet to warm them, too—but the flame went out, the stove disappeared, and there she sat with a little bit of the burnt match in her hand.

Another was lighted; it burned, and, where the light fell upon the wall, she could see through it and into a large room.

There the table was covered with a cloth of dazzling white, and with fine china; and a roast goose was smoking upon it.

But what was still more delightful, the goose sprung down from the table, and, with a knife and fork sticking in its back, came towards the little girl.

Then the match went out, and she saw nothing but the thick, cold wall.

She lighted another; and now she was sitting under the most beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger than those she had seen at Christmas through the windows of rich people.

Hundreds of candles were burning among the green branches, and beautiful pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. She stretched out both her hands, when the match went out.

She drew another match across the wall, and in the light it threw around, stood her old grandmother, so bright, so gentle, and so loving.

"Grandmother?" the little girl cried, "O take me with you! I know that you will disappear as soon as the match is burnt out, just like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the Christmas-tree!"

She quickly lighted the rest of the matches that remained in the bundle, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her as long as possible; and the matches burned so brightly that it was lighter than day.

Never before had her grandmother appeared so beautiful and so tall; and, taking the little girl in her arms, they flew high, high up into the heavens, where she felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor fear, any more—for they were with God!

But, in the corner between the two houses, in the cold morning air, lay the little girl with pale cheeks and smiling lips.

She was frozen to death during the last night of the Old Year. The first light of the New Year shone upon the dead body of the little girl, sitting there

with the matches, one bundle of which was nearly used up.

"She has been trying to warm herself," people said; but no one knew what beautiful dreams she had had, or with what splendor she had entered with her grandmother into the joys of a New Year.

Coming and Going.*

THERE came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter.

How beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by and pitied them because they were not birds.

In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs

*From Henry Ward Beecher's *Norwood*, by permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers.

has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were hatched! Now the father-bird sang louder and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open wide, so that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! The two old birds talking and chatting to make the young ones go alone! In a little time they had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food, and built their own nests, and sang their own songs of joy.

Then the old birds sat silent and looked at each other, until the mother-bird said, "Why don't you sing?" And he answered, "I can't sing—I can only think and think." "What are you thinking of?" "I am thinking how everything changes: the leaves are falling off from this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away. Something calls me, and I feel as if I would like to fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south: there they saw flowers and green leaves! All day they flew; and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

The Brook's Song.*

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

KING FROST comes and locks me up,
The sunshine sets me free;
I frolic with the grave old trees,
And sing right cheerily.

I go to see the lady flowers,
And make their diamond spray;
The birds fly down to chat with me,
The children come to play.

I am the blue sky's looking glass,
I hold the rainbow bars;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.

Oh, merry, merry is my life,
As a gypsy's out of Spain!
Till grim King Frost comes from the North,
And locks me up again.

* From *Boyden's Speaker*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

The North Wind and the Snow Princess.*

THE days are growing short. The trees and fields are brown and bare. No cheery song is heard in the forest save the chirp of the merry little chickadee.

Now is the time to look for the gruff old North Wind, who roars and growls and howls across the plains, scattering the brown dry leaves and bending even the sturdy oaks beneath his power.

A testy, cross old fellow, this North Wind seems to be, as he goes shrieking around the corners and up and down our chimneys; but after all he is not so cruel as he seems.

Did you ever watch the beautiful cloud-horses that he drives across the sky; and the shining cloud-chariot in which he sits?

The little stars laugh down at him; and the louder he roars, the happier their sparkling eyes shine out.

"Boo-oo-oo!" he cries, but his cold breath lays a beautiful shining cover over lakes and rivers and ponds, and the happy waters go sparkling along almost as happy as if the sun shone down upon them.

But best of all, he brings the little Snow Princess with him. And such a beautiful little Princess she is!

Her robes are snowy white; her eyes are sparkling in the sunlight, and she floats down from her home

* From *Stories of Garden and Field*, by permission of Educational Publishing Co.

above and touches the brown leaves and shrubs, the bare rocks and fields with her soft and gentle hand.

Often the little Princess comes in the still gray morning when all the world is asleep; sometimes she comes when the darkness falls; and then she works all night long to make the earth beautiful for the Sun to shine upon.

She floats over the fields and across the lakes; she dances along the hedgerows; she reaches up and kisses the tree-tops; she bends down and softly touches the tiny grasses and little shrubs.

She strews her shining crystals up and down the forest paths, and all along the roads; she loads the branches with precious jewels; she covers the house-tops and fences.

But best of all, she covers the little, sleeping flowers with her soft, warm blanket and whispers a great secret in their ears—a secret that only she and they can understand.

And she tells them of another beautiful Princess—the Rain Fairy she is called—that shall come by and by to wake them up, when they have finished their long sleep.

Then when the flowers and trees are rested, and the little plant babies in their cradles begin to long to reach forth their tiny hands, the old North Wind takes the little Snow Princess up in his big, strong arms, and away they fly to the Land of Frost.

There they dwell in a towering iceberg palace whose colors are like those of the rainbow and whose towers are like the mountain tops.

But before they hurried away the old North Wind,

who, some people think, loves only to destroy the beauty of the autumn, called to the soft South Wind and to the little Rain Fairy who comes always with the soft South Wind.

"The beautiful tall trees are ready for you! And the tiny flowers are waiting for you!" the North Wind called, and the soft South Wind answered, "I am coming! I am coming!"

And when the North Wind heard the soft whisper, he roared with joy and drove his cloud-steed across the sky with a speed that made the Sun himself look with wonder upon the flying chariot.

The little Snow Princess danced with joy. "The flowers are waking! the flowers are waking!" she cried; and the beautiful colors in her robe grew brighter and brighter.

Then she shook down millions upon millions of tiny snowflakes and covered the earth anew; she heaped them up as high as the fences; she loaded the trees till they could hardly hold themselves erect. Some of the earth children grumbled and said, "O, dear! another snow-storm!" But the Snow Princess knew, and the flowers knew, and the tree roots knew that this last snow-storm was the Snow Princess's very best gift of all the winter.

Cinderella, or, The Little Glass Slipper.*

ONCE there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had by a former husband two daughters of her own humor, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had, likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over than the step-mother began to show herself in her colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl; and the less, because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house; she scoured the dishes, tables, and cleaned madam's room and the rooms of the misses, her daughters; she lay up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, while her sisters lay in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, upon beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking-glasses so large, that they might see themselves at their full length, from head to foot.

The poor girl bore all patiently, and dare not tell her father, who would have rattled her off, for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work she

*From *Heart of Oak Series*, by permission of D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

used to go into the chimney-corner, and sit down among cinders and ashes, which made her commonly called Cinder-wench; but the youngest, who was not so rude and uncivil as the eldest, called her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her mean apparel, was a hundred times handsomer than her sisters, though they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among the quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in choosing out such gowns, petticoats, and head-clothes as might best become them. This was a new trouble to Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen, and plaited their ruffles; they talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed. "For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimmings." "And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered manteau, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world." They sent for the best tire-woman they could get, to make up their head-dresses, and they had their patches from the very best maker.

Cinderella was likewise called up to them to be consulted in all these matters, for she had excellent notions, and advised them always for the best; nay, and offered her service to dress their heads, which they were very willing she should do. As she was doing this they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not be

glad to go to the ball?" "Ah!" said she, "you only jeer at me; it is not for such as I am to go thither." "Thou art in the right of it," they replied, "it would make the people laugh to see a cinder-wench at a ball." Any one but Cinderella would have dressed their heads awry, but she was very good and dressed them perfectly well. They were almost two days without eating, so much they were transported with joy. They broke above a dozen of laces in trying to be laced up close, that they might have a fine slender shape, and they were continually at their looking-glass. At last the happy day came; they went to court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them she fell a-crying.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter. "I wish I could—I wish I could—;" she was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing. This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her, "Thou wishest thou couldst go to the ball, is it not so?" "Y-es," cried Cinderella with a great sigh. "Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl and I will contrive that thou shalt go."

Then she took her into her chamber and said to her, "Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could make her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, having left nothing but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was

instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mouse-trap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trap-door, when giving each mouse as it went out a little tap with her wand, the mouse was that moment turned into a fair horse, which all together made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse-colored dapple-gray. Being at a loss for a coachman, "I will go and see," says Cinderella, "if there be never a rat in the rat-trap, that we may make a coachman of him." "Thou art in the right," replied her godmother, "go and look." Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy made choice of one of the three, which had the largest beard and, having touched him with her wand, he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said to her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot; bring them to me." She had no sooner done so, than her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedecked with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other, as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with; are you not pleased with it?" "O, yes," cried she, "but must I go thither as I am, in these filthy rags?" Her godmother only just touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all

beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world.

Being thus decked out she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay till after midnight, telling her at the same time that if she stayed at the ball one moment longer, her coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother she would not fail of leaving the ball before midnight; and then away she drives scarce able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, was come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence, they left off dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so attentive was every one to contemplate the singular beauties of this unknown new-comer. Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of, "Ha! how handsome she is! Ha! how handsome she is!" The king himself, old as he was, could not help ogling her and telling the queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature. All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and head-dress, that they might have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could meet with such fine materials and as able hands to make them.

The king's son conducted her to the most honorable seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him. She danced so very gracefully that they all more and

more admired her. A fine collation was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her. She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with; which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company, and hasted away as fast as she could.

Being got home, she ran to seek out her godmother; and after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had desired her. As she was eagerly telling her godmother whatever had passed at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened. "How long you have stayed!" cried she, gaping, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if she had been just awaked out of her sleep; she had not, however, any manner of inclination to sleep since they went from home. "If thou hadst been at the ball," says one of her sisters, "thou wouldest not have been tired with it. There came thither the finest princess, the most beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes; she showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter, indeed, she asked them the name of the princess, but they told her they did not know it, and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account, and would give all the world to know who she was. At this Cinderella,

smiling, replied, "She must then be very beautiful, indeed. How happy have you been! Could not I see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow suit of clothes, which you wear every day." "Ay, to be sure," cried Miss Charlotte, "lend my clothes to such a dirty cinder-wench as thou art! who's the fool then?" Cinderella, indeed, expected some such an answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her side, and never ceased his compliments and amorous speeches to her; to whom all this was so far from being tiresome that she quite forgot what her godmother had recommended to her, so that she at last counted the clock striking twelve, when she took it to be no more than eleven; she then rose up, and fled as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince took up most carefully. She got home, but quite out of breath, without coach or footmen, and in her old cinder clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers, fellow to that she dropped. The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had not seen a princess go out. They said they had seen nobody go out but a young girl, very meanly dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had been well diverted, and if

the fine lady had been there. They told her yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son had taken up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time of the ball, and that most certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the little slipper.

What they said was very true: for a few days after, the king's son caused to be proclaimed by sound of trumpets that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They whom he employed began to try it on upon the princesses, then the duchesses and all the court, but in vain; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to thrust their feet into the slipper, but they could not effect it. Cinderella, who saw all this, and knew her slipper, said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me!" Her sisters burst out laughing, and began to banter her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper, looked earnestly at Cinderella, and finding her very handsome, said it was but just that she should try, and that he had orders to let every one make trial. He obliged Cinderella to sit down, and putting the slipper to her foot, he found it went in very easily, and fitted her as if it had been made of wax. The astonishment her two sisters were in was excessively great, but still abundantly greater, when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper and put it on her foot. Thereupon, in came her godmother, who having touched, with her wand, Cinderella's clothes, made

them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and as she embraced them, cried that she forgave them with all her heart, and desired them always to love her. She was conducted to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought her more charming than ever, and a few days after, married her.

How the Chipmunk Got the Stripes on Its Back.*

DO you all know the little striped chipmunk which lives in our woods?

He has a cousin in far-off India called the geloori.

It is said that the stripes came on the back of the geloori in a wonderful way.

One day the great Shiva saw a little gray chipmunk on the seashore.

He was dipping his bushy tail into the sea, and shaking out the water on the shore.

Twenty times a minute he dipped it into the ocean.

In wonder, Shiva said, "What are you doing, little foolish, gray geloori? Why do you tire yourself with such hard labor?"

The geloori answered, "I cannot stop, great Shiva.

"The storm blew down the palm tree where I built my nest.

"See! the tree has fallen seaward, and the nest lies in the water; my wife and pretty children are in it; I fear that it will float away. Therefore, all day and all night, I must dip the water from the sea.

"I hope soon to bale it dry.

"I must save my darlings even if I spoil my tail."

Shiva stooped and with his great hand stroked the little squirrel.

On the geloori's soft fur from his nose to the end of

* From *Nature Myths and Stories*, by permission of A. Flanagan, publisher.

his tail there came four green stripes! They were the marks of Shiva's fingers, placed there as signs of love.

Shiva raised his hand and the water rolled back from the shore. Safe among the rocks and sea weeds, the palm tree lay on dry land.

The little squirrel hastened to it; his tail was now high in the air. He found his wife and children dry and well in their house of woven grass-blades.

As they sang their welcomes to him, the geloori noticed with delight that each smooth little back was striped with marks of Shiva's fingers.

This sign of love is still to be seen upon the backs of chipmunks. That is the reason why in India, good men never kill them.

A man who loves both children and chipmunks says, when he tells this story, "Perhaps our squirrels, though Shiva never stroked them, would be grateful if we left them, unharmed, to play in the maples in our woods."

The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.*

IN a certain village there dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered a dish of beans, which she wished to cook. So she made a fire upon the hearth, and, that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw.

As she shook the beans up in a saucepan, one fell upon the ground, near a straw; soon after a glowing coal burst out of the fire, and fell just by these two. Then the straw began to say, "My dear friend, whence do you come?" The coal replied, "By good luck I have sprung out of the fire, and if I had not jumped away by force, my death had been certain, and I should have been reduced to ashes."

The bean continued, "I also have escaped with a whole skin, but, had the old woman put me in the pot with the others, I should have been boiled to pieces, as my comrades are." "Would a better fate have fallen to my share?" said the straw; "for the old woman has suffocated in fire and smoke all my brothers; sixty has she put on at once, and deprived of life; happily, I slipped between her fingers."

"But what shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "since we have so luckily escaped death, we will join in partnership, and keep together like good companions: lest a new misfortune overtake us, let us wander forth, and travel into a strange country."

* From *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

The coal and the straw were pleased, so they set out together on their travels. Presently they came to a little stream, over which there was no bridge nor path, and they did not know how they should get over. The straw gave good advice, and said: "I will lay myself across, so that you may pass over upon me, as upon a bridge."

So the straw stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal, which was of a fiery nature, tripped lightly upon the newly-built bridge. But when it came to the middle of it, and heard the water running along beneath, it was frightened, and stood still, not daring to go further. The straw, however, beginning to burn, broke in two and fell into the stream, and the coal, slipping after, hissed as it reached the water, and went to the bottom.

The bean, which had remained upon the shore, was forced to laugh at this accident, and, the joke being so good, it laughed until it burst itself.

Now, they would all have been done for alike, if a tailor, who was out on his wanderings, had not just then, by great good luck, set himself down near the stream. Having a kind heart, he took out needle and thread, and sewed the bean together. The bean thanked him; but the tailor used black thread, and that accounts for the black seam which you often see on beans.

The Swan Maidens.*

A LONG, long time ago there was born in the east a wonderful king. He was called "The King of the Golden Sword."

Every day he came in his golden chariot scattering heat, light, and happiness among his people.

Every day he passed from his palace in the east far over to his throne in the west.

He never missed a day, for he wanted to see that every one had a full share of his gifts.

Throughout the kingdom the birds sang and the flowers bloomed. The sky was full of beautiful pictures which were constantly changing.

The king had many daughters who were called swan maidens.

They were as graceful as swans and usually wore white, featherlike dresses.

The swan maidens loved their good father and each one longed to help him in his work.

Sometimes the king saw that the grass was brown or the buds were not coming out.

Then he called the swan maidens to him and said, "My children, this must not be. There is nothing more beautiful in the kingdom than the green grass and the trees. They need your care."

Gladly each maiden changed her dress and set out at

* From *Nature Myths and Stories*, by permission of A. Flanagan, publisher.

once on her journey. Often they could not all work upon the grass and the buds.

Some of them ran off to play with the stones in the brook. The best ones went down to feed the roots and worms, and worked out of sight.

When their tasks were finished they always hurried back to their father, the king.

They went so noiselessly and swiftly that for a long time their way of traveling was a mystery.

In the fall the king called the bravest swan maidens to him. He told them they must go away for a long time.

The swan maidens wrapped themselves in white, feathery blankets and came softly down to the shivering flowers.

Gently they placed a white spread on the earth and left no small seed uncovered.

At last, when the king smiled, and their work was done, they stole away so softly and happily that no one missed them.

The Conceited Apple-Branch.*

IT was the month of May. The wind still blew cold; but from bush and tree, field and flower, came the welcome sound, "Spring is come."

Wild-flowers in profusion covered the hedges. Under the little apple-tree, Spring seemed busy, and he told his tale from one of the branches which hung fresh and blooming, and covered with delicate pink blossoms that were just ready to open.

The branch well knew how beautiful it was; this knowledge exists as much in the leaf as in the blood. It was therefore not surprised when a nobleman's carriage, in which sat the young countess, stopped in the road just by. The apple-branch she said was a most lovely object, an emblem of spring in its most charming aspect. The branch was broken off for her, and she held it in her delicate hand, and sheltered it with her silk parasol.

Then they drove to the castle, in which were lofty halls and splendid drawing-rooms. Pure white curtains fluttered before the open windows, and beautiful flowers stood in transparent vases. In one of them, which looked as if it had been cut out of newly-fallen snow, the apple-branch was placed, among some fresh, light twigs of beech. It was a charming sight. And the branch became proud, which was very much like human nature.

* From *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

People of every description entered the room, and, according to their position in society, so dared they to express their admiration. Some few said nothing, others expressed too much, and the apple-branch very soon got to understand that there was as much difference in the characters of human beings as in those of plants and flowers. Some are all for pomp and parade, others have a great deal to do to maintain their own importance, while the rest might be spared without much loss to society. So thought the apple-branch, as he stood before the open window, from which he could see out over gardens and fields, where there were flowers and plants enough for him to think and reflect upon; some rich and beautiful, some poor and humble indeed.

"Poor despised herbs," said the apple-branch; "there is really a difference between them and such as I am. How unhappy they must be, if they can feel as those in my position do! There is a difference indeed, and so there ought to be, or we should all be equals."

And the apple-branch looked with a sort of pity upon them, especially on a certain little flower that is found in fields and in ditches. No one bound these flowers together in a nosegay; they were too common; they were even known to grow between the paving-stones, shooting up everywhere, like bad weeds; and they bore the very ugly name of "dog-flowers" or "dandelions."

"Poor, despised plants," said the apple-bough; "it is not your fault that you are so ugly, and that you have such an ugly name; but it is with plants as with men,—there must be a difference."

"A difference," cried the sunbeam, as he kissed the

blooming apple-branch, and then kissed the yellow dandelion out in the fields. All were brothers, and the sunbeam kissed them—the poor flowers as well as the rich.

The apple-bough had never thought of the boundless love of God, which extends over all the works of creation, over everything which lives, and moves, and has its being in Him. He had never thought of the good and beautiful which are so often hidden, but can never remain forgotten by Him, not only among the lower creation, but also among men. The sunbeam, the ray of light, knew better.

"You do not see very far, nor very clearly," he said to the apple-branch. "Which is the despised plant you so specially pity?"

"The dandelion," he replied. "No one ever places it in a nosegay; it is trodden under foot, there are so many of them; and when they run to seed, they have flowers like wool, which fly away in little pieces over the roads, and cling to the dresses of the people. They are only weeds: but, of course, there must be weeds. Oh, I am really very thankful that I was not made like one of these flowers."

There came presently across the fields, a whole group of children, the youngest of whom was so small that he had to be carried by the others; and when he was seated on the grass, among the yellow flowers, he laughed aloud with joy, kicked out his little legs, rolled about, plucked the yellow flowers, and kissed them in childlike innocence.

The elder children broke off the flowers with long stems, bent the stalks one round the other, to form

links, and made first a chain for the neck, then one to go across the shoulders and hang down to the waist, and at last a wreath to wear about the head, so that they looked quite splendid in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers. But the eldest among them gathered carefully the faded flowers, on the stem of which was grouped together the seed in the form of a white feathery coronal.

These loose, airy wool-flowers are very beautiful, and look like fine snowy feathers or down. The children held them to their mouths, and tried to blow away the whole coronal with one puff of the breath. They had been told by their grandmothers that whoever did so would be sure to have new clothes before the end of the year. The despised flower was by this raised to the position of a prophet or foreteller of events.

"Do you see," said the sunbeam, "do you see the beauty of these flowers? Do you see their powers of giving pleasure?"

"Yes, to the children," said the apple-bough.

By and by an old woman came into the field, and, with a blunt knife without a handle, began to dig round the roots of some of the dandelion-plants, and pull them up. With some she intended to make tea for herself; but the rest she was going to sell to the chemist, and obtain money.

"But beauty is of higher value than all this," said the apple-tree branch; "only the chosen ones can be admitted into the realms of the beautiful. There is a difference between plants, just as there is a difference between men."

Then the sunbeam spoke of the boundless love of

God as seen in creation, and over all that lives, and of the equal distribution of his gifts, both in time and in eternity.

"That is your opinion," said the apple-bough.

Then some people came into the room, and among them the young countess,—the lady who had placed the apple-bough in the transparent vase, so pleasantly beneath the rays of sunlight.

She carried in her hand something that seemed like a flower. The object was hidden by two or three great leaves, which covered it like a shield, so that no draft or gust of wind could injure it, and it was carried more carefully than the apple-branch had ever been.

Very cautiously the large leaves were removed, and there appeared the feathery seed-crown of the despised yellow dandelion. This was what the lady had so carefully plucked, and carried home so safely covered, so that not one of the delicate feathery arrows of which its mist-like shape was so lightly formed, should flutter away. She now drew it forth quite uninjured, and wondered at its beautiful form, its airy lightness, and singular construction, so soon to be blown away by the wind.

"See," she exclaimed, "how wonderfully God has made this little flower. I will paint it in a picture with the apple-branch. Every one admires the beauty of the apple-bough; but this humble flower has been endowed by heaven with another kind of loveliness; and although they differ in appearance, both are children of the realms of beauty."

Then the sunbeam kissed both the lowly flower and the blooming apple-branch, upon whose leaves appeared a rosy blush.

Dandelions.*

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

"I THINK," said Mother Golden Head,
To all her children dear,
"I think we'd better be astir,
And see how things appear."

Then forth she led them one by one,
Through fields and meadows sweet;
A gayer troop of Golden Heads
'Tis rare for one to meet.

"Good-morning, Mistress Golden Head,"
Said modest Daisy White;
"It seems to me I never saw
You look so fresh and bright.

"Pray tell me where you've been to find
Such lovely shining hair;
There's nothing in these parts, I know,
That can at all compare."

"I think I've only been asleep,
Yes, fast asleep," she said;
"And while I slept, the fairies poured
Gold-dust upon my head."

* From *Boydén's Speaker*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

How the Robin's Breast Became Red.*

LONG ago in the far North, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

A hunter and his little son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the fire went out the people would freeze and the white bear would have the Northland all to himself. One day the hunter became ill, and his son had the work to do.

For many days and nights he bravely took care of his father and kept the fire burning.

The white bear was always hiding near, watching the fire. He longed to put it out, but he did not dare, for he feared the hunter's arrows.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he came closer to the fire and laughed to himself.

One night the poor boy could endure the fatigue no longer, and fell fast asleep.

The white bear ran as fast as he could, and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet, and rolled upon it. At last, he thought it was all out, and went happily away to his cave.

A gray robin was flying near, and saw what the white bear was doing.

She waited until the bear went away. Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until

* From *Nature Myths and Stories*, by permission of A. Flanagan, publisher.

she found a tiny live coal. This she fanned patiently with her wings for a long time.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she did not stop until a fine red flame blazed up from the ashes.

Then she flew away to every hut in the Northland.

Wherever she touched the ground a fire began to burn.

Soon, instead of one little fire, the whole North country was lighted up.

The white bear went further back into his cave in the iceberg, and growled terribly.

He knew that there was now no hope that he would ever have the Northland all to himself.

This is the reason that the people in the North country love the robin, and are never tired of telling their children how its breast became red.

Only a Flower.*

“ONLY a flower,” the rich man said,
When he trod it down in his careless walk;
But his little daughter raised its head,
And tenderly held the broken stalk.

And from its place by the dusty way,
She carried it home to her garden small,
And set it where, from day to day,
Sunlight and shadow would on it fall.

It lived and thrived in the garden fair;
And when the autumn winds were chill,
And the roses died in the frosty air,
The hardy wild flower blossomed still.

The little maiden often smiled
To see it bloom when the rose was dead;
And the father, watching his happy child,
This sermon short in the blossom read:

Too often we crush with our careless feet.
The flowers of love in our paths that blow,
And that cherished, would open full and sweet
When summer blossoms were lying low.

*From *Boyden's Speaker*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

The Ugly Duckling.*

IT was so beautiful in the country. It was the summer time. The wheat-fields were golden, the oats were green, and the hay stood in great stacks in the green meadows. The stork paraded about among them on his long, red legs, chattering away in Egyptian, the language he had learned from his lady-mother.

All around the meadows and corn fields grew thick woods, and in the midst of the forest was a deep lake. Yes, it was beautiful, it was delightful in the country.

In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farm house, circled all about with deep canals; and, from the walls down to the water's edge, grew great burdocks, so high that under the tallest of them a little child might stand upright. The spot was as wild as if it had been in the very centre of the thick wood!

In this snug retreat sat a duck upon her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; but the pleasure she had felt at first was almost gone; she had begun to think it a wearisome task, for the little ones were so long coming out of their shells, and she seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the canals than to climb the slippery banks, and sit under the burdock leaves to have a gossip with her. It was a long time to stay so much by herself.

At length, however, one shell cracked, and soon

* From *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

another; and from each came a living creature that lifted its head and cried, "Peep, peep."

"Quack, quack!" said the mother; and then they all tried to say it, too, as well as they could, as they looked all about them on every side at the tall, green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look about as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes.

"What a great world it is to be sure!" said the little ones, when they found how much more room they had than when they were in the egg-shell.

"Is this all the world, do you imagine?" said the mother. "Wait till you have seen the garden. Far beyond that it stretches down to the pastor's field, though I have never ventured to such a distance. Are you all out?" she continued, rising to look. "No, not all; the largest egg lies there yet, I declare. I wonder how long this business is to last. I'm really beginning to be tired of it;" but for all that she sat down again.

"Well, and how are you to-day?" quacked an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"There's one egg that takes a deal of hatching. The shell is hard and will not break," said the fond mother, who sat still upon her nest. "But just look at the others. Have I not a pretty family? Are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw? They are the image of their father,—the good-for-naught; he never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck. "I've no doubt it's a Guinea fowl's egg. The same thing happened to me once, and a deal of trouble it gave me, for the young ones are afraid of the

water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. Let me take a look at it. Yes, I am right; it's a Guinea fowl, upon my word; so take my advice, and leave it where it is. Come to the water, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit a little while longer," said the mother. "I have sat so long, a day or two more won't matter."

"Very well, please yourself," said the old duck, rising; and she went away.

At last the great egg broke, and the latest bird cried, "Peep, peep," as he crept forth from the shell. How big and ugly he was! The mother duck stared at him, and did not know what to think. "Really," she said, "this is an enormous duckling, and it is not at all like any of the others. I wonder if he will turn out to be a Guinea fowl. Well, we shall see when we get to the water,—for into the water he must go, even if I have to push him in myself."

On the next day the weather was delightful. The sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, and the mother duck took her whole family down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack," cried she, and one after another, the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily, with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible; their legs went of their own accord; and the ugly gray-coat was also in the water, swimming with them.

"Oh," said the mother, "that is not a Guinea fowl. See how well he uses his legs, and how erect he holds

himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly, after all, if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now. I will take you into grand society, and introduce you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat."

When they reached the farmyard, there was a wretched riot going on; two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, after all, was carried off by the cat. "See, children, that is the way of the world," said the mother duck, whetting her beak, for she would have liked the eel's head herself. "Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can behave. You must bow your heads prettily to that old duck yonder; she is the highest born of them all, and has Spanish blood; therefore, she is well off. Don't you see she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is something very grand, and a great honor for a duck; it shows that every one is anxious not to lose her, and she is to be noticed both by man and beast. Come, now, don't turn in your toes; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, just like his father and mother, in this way; now bend your necks, and say, 'Quack!'"

The ducklings did as they were bade; but the other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and bless me, what a queer looking object one of them is! we don't want him here;" and then one flew out and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is so big and ugly. He's a perfect

fright," said the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out. A little biting will do him good."

"The others are very pretty children," said the old duck with the rag on her leg, "all but that one. I wish his mother could smooth him up a bit; he is really ill-favored."

"That is impossible, your grace," replied the mother. "He is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well, or even better than the others. I think he will grow up pretty, and perhaps be smaller. He has remained too long in the egg, and therefore his figure is not properly formed;" and then she stroked his neck, and smoothed the feathers, saying, "It is a drake, and therefore not of so much consequence. I think he will grow up strong, and able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck. "Now make yourself at home, and if you find an eel's head, you can bring it to me."

And so they made themselves comfortable; but the poor duckling, who had crept out of his shell last of all, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry.

"He is too big," they all said; and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out like a vessel in full sail, and flew at the duckling. He became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly as to be laughed at by the whole farmyard.

So it went on from day to day; it got worse and

worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you;" and his mother had been heard to say she wished he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him with her feet. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

"They are afraid of me, too, because I am so ugly," he said. So he closed his eyes and flew still farther, until he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. "What sort of a duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be; but he did not reply to their question. "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that will not matter if you do not want to marry one of our family."

Poor thing! he had no thoughts of marriage; all he wanted was permission to lie among the rushes and drink some of the water on the moor. After he had been on the moor two days, there came two wild geese, or rather goslings, for they had not been out of the egg long, which accounts for their impertinence. "Listen, friend," said one of them to the duckling; "you are so ugly that we like you very well. Will you go with us and become a bird of passage? Not far from here is another moor, in which there are some

pretty wild geese, all unmarried. It is a chance for you to get a wife. You may make your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Bang, bang," sounded in the air, and the two wild geese fell dead among the rushes, and the water was tinged with blood. "Bang, bang," echoed far and wide in the distance, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the rushes.

The sound continued from every direction, for the sportsmen surrounded the moor, and some were even seated on branches of trees, overlooking the rushes. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds over the dark trees; and, as it floated away across the water, a number of sporting dogs bounded in among the rushes, which bent beneath them wherever they went. How they terrified the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, and at the same moment a large, terrible dog passed quite near him. His jaws were open, his tongue hung from his mouth, and his eyes glared fearfully. He thrust his nose close to the duckling, showing his sharp teeth, and then, "Splash, splash," he went into the water, without touching him.

"Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly! even a dog will not bite me."

And so he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and gun after gun was fired over him. It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly for several hours, and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor, as fast as he could. He ran over

field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it. Towards evening, he reached a poor little cottage, that seemed ready to fall, and only seemed to remain standing because it could not decide on which side to fall first. The storm continued so violent that the duckling could go no farther. He sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that the door was not quite closed, in consequence of one of the hinges having given way. There was, therefore, a narrow opening near the bottom large enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night. Here, in this cottage, lived a woman, a cat and a hen. The cat, whom his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs; so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning the strange visitor was discovered; the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking around the room; but her sight was not very good, therefore, when she saw the duckling, she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home. "Oh, what a prize!" she exclaimed. "I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck's eggs. I must wait and see."

So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks; but there were no eggs.

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, "We and the

world," for they believed themselves to be half the world, and by far the better half, too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject; but the hen would not listen to such doubts.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No?" "Then have the goodness to cease talking."

"Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the cat. "No?" "Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speaking." So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low-spirited, but when the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, he began to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water, that he could not help speaking of it.

"What an absurd idea!" said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

"But it is so delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful, indeed! it must be a queer sort of pleasure," said the hen. "Why, you must be crazy! Ask the cat, he is the cleverest animal I know, ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion. Ask our mistress, the old woman; there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would relish swimming, and letting the water close over her head?"

"I see you don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand

you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been so well received here. Are you not in a warm room, and in society from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs, and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out in the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which it could swim and dive; but he was avoided by all other animals, because of his ugly appearance.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold; then, as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell, and whirled them in the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns, crying, "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting amid radiant clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry, as they spread their glorious wings and

flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across the sea. As they mounted higher and higher, in the air, the ugly little duckling felt quite a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened even himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful, happy birds! And when at last they were out of his sight, he dived under the water and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He knew not the names of these birds, nor where they had flown; but he felt towards them as he had never felt for any other bird in the world.

He was not envious of these beautiful creatures; it never occurred to him to wish to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks, had they only given him encouragement! The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing; but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some

harm; so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk-pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter-cask, then into the meal-tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed and struck at him with the tongs; and the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other, in their efforts to catch him; but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly-fallen snow.

It would be very sad, were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed he found himself lying one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring.

Then the young bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air. They bore him onwards until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew how it had happened. The apple trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by came three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me because, ugly as I am, I dare to approach them. But it does not matter; better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the maiden who feeds the poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter."

Then he flew to the water, and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, gray bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan.

To be born in a duck's nest, in a farmyard, is of no consequence to a bird, if it be hatched from a swan's egg. He now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him; for the great swans swam around the new-comer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one;" and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, "There is another swan come; a new one has arrived."

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all;

he is so young and pretty." And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know what to do, he was so happy; yet he was not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder-tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was the despised ugly duckling."

What Robin Told.*

HOW do the robins build their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of yellow hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across;
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby-robins—one, two, three!
That's what Robin told me.

* From *Harper's Second Reader*, by permission of American Book Co.

The Story of a Bird.*

I BUILT me a nest
In the old oak-tree—
As pretty a nest
As ever could be.
I wove it with threads
To the oak-tree bough;
And the three little birdies
Are sleeping there now.

One day as I sang
My "Cheer-up, chee, chee,"
A spry little squirrel
Sprang up in the tree.
I thought he was coming
Right up on the bough—
It makes my heart tremble
To think of it now.

I flew like an eagle
Right down through the air;
And soon he was running,
He did not know where.
I pecked him, and pecked him,
And flew in his track;
He will be in no haste,
I think, to come back.

* From *Harper's Second Reader*, by permission of American Book Co.

Little Birdie.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

Song of Seven.

JEAN INGELow.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my "seven times" over, and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright—ah, bright! but your light is failing:
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow—
You've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away:
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

The Story of the Pine-Tree.*

ANNIE H. RYDER.

DO you know why the Pine is so sad a tree? Let me tell you her story. No; she will sing it herself if you will listen to the night-song. "Long, long ago I had my home on the island of an ocean, and my branches swayed and sang to the waves that kissed my feet with the fondness of a betrothed lover. The winds were jealous of our happiness, and blew away from me the germs of life. My seeds sprang up again, but on foreign soil; and the new trees, my offspring, are the same in color and form, but their souls are all sad from their memories of departed joy."

When the slightest breeze comes near, and ventures to softly touch the branches, a sound like sobbing follows; but when, with rougher grasp, the east wind approaches, a wailing like the sound of a storm-tossed sea is heard. Listen! Do you hear it now? It is the imprisoned spirit of the Pine, longing for the waves. How am I sure the tree is alive and friendly? Doesn't it bow to you when you pass, and curve and sweep before you? Doesn't it offer you rest and refreshment in its shade? Doesn't it entertain you by showing you beautiful pictures and forms, and doesn't it furnish you with music?

See what a teacher it is! Up there among the trees

* From *Fairy Land of Flowers*, by permission of Educational Publishing Co.

are many lessons. Its trunks and limbs look honest and courageous, firm and strong, while all its lofty, tapering height points Godward. It is your confidant; and the more you tell it, the more you will find to say.

While it is very modest and retiring, requiring time to get acquainted with you, still, the more it talks to you, the more you will want to hear. The pine is your schoolmaster, and you are the royal pupil,—Roger Ascham and Queen Elizabeth. It is no longer an ordinary tree, but something born with a spirit in it; and it has birthdays. Thoreau, the man who loved Nature so much that the birds and the fishes took care of him and were never afraid of their master, used to visit certain trees on certain days in the year. The Pine has a birthday worth celebrating in December, the Maple in October, and the Birch in May.

You think this is all fancy, and believe persons must be very imaginative to find such friends in Nature? Oh, no; along with fancy Nature tucks very real things into our thoughts about her. You only need an introduction to her, and you will see for yourselves. The most practical among you will find that even fancy is a most useful quality, because it leads men to think out great truths.

The Fairy Folk.*

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds,
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses
On his stately journeys

* From *Heart of Oak Series*, by permission of Heath & Co., publishers.

From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mossy bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Pansy—An Allegory.*

IN a quiet dell there dwelt a little flower of exquisite beauty and fragrance. So modest was this little floweret that it sought the most retired spot of the glade for its home, blooming in its richest colors beneath the shadow of some tall leaf. But it was not long to bloom thus. One day an angel on a mission of love to this earth, passed its hiding place, and brushing aside the Plantain leaf with her wing, there discovered the flower.

"Ah," she cried, as she bent over to inhale its fragrance, "thou art lovely, indeed, too lovely to dwell here in solitude alone. I will breathe upon thee and thou shalt have an angel's face. Thou shalt go forth and bloom in every land, and carry with thee sweet thoughts of love and of heaven. Thou shalt grow in beauty; the splendor of thy varied dress shall be a marvel and a joy to all that behold thee."

Sealing her promise with a kiss, the angel departed, leaving the imprint of her fair face upon the floweret.

Thus it is that the Pansy has become a herald of joy throughout the land, and even to all civilized people everywhere. In the garden of the quiet country home she has her place, and is tended with loving care. In the crowded city mart you see her beaming face, and she smiles so sweetly that not one in that passing throng can resist her.

* From *Fairy Land of Flowers*, by permission of Educational Publishing Co.

The First Snow-fall.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

An Old Story from Tadpole Land.*

YOU tell me that Tadpole Land is down in a ditch near your own house, and you say that tadpoles are hatched from eggs, and that they have tails and plumes which they get rid of as they grow older and more frisky. Then they become frogs and begin to multiply their legs by two, and they jump and croak. Either you have not used your eyes well, or else people saw differently in the olden times, for they told quite another story.

There was once, ages and ages ago, a beautiful woman, and she was tall and very quiet. She wore dark purple robes or black ones, and they were so long that they trailed behind her for miles.

She traveled all the time, going round the earth in one direction, always toward the west.

Her long robes were very light and airy. She went right along over rivers and lakes and bushes, but her trailing garments never seemed to catch on the bushes, or get soiled in the dust and mud, or wet in ponds and rivers.

Very remarkable robes were those, and I am sure that it would gratify the fine ladies of later days if they could find some of the same sort, but with longer trains perhaps.

This beautiful woman was called Leto in some lands,

* From *Stories from Plato*, by permission of Ginn & Co., publishers.

and Latona in others. She carried two very pretty babes in her arms, and she wrapped her black veil around them so that no one could see them, for one was as bright as the sky before sunrise, and the other was as bright as the sky after sunset, and it would have been almost like daylight if they had not been hidden under the veil.

After Latona had wandered around the earth for many years, she became very weary and thirsty, for many of the fields over which she passed were scorched by the heat of summer. After awhile she came to the banks of a lake, and sat down on its shore. She dipped her hand in the water and began to drink from it.

There were some rude countrymen down at the lake gathering willows to make baskets, and they forbade her to drink. They tried to scare her away, but she said to them, "Why do you deny me a drink of water? Water was made for all to drink, and I beg of you to let me be."

But they laughed at her, and were ruder than before, so she showed them the two little babes, hoping that they might have pity on her.

The rough fellows only used abusive language and threw stones into the water to make it muddy so that she could not drink it. Then Latona raised her hands to heaven and uttered a prayer that the wicked men might always live in the mud.

She went on her way, and as she looked back, she saw the men jumping up and down in the mud. They began to grow smaller and smaller, and the last she saw and heard of them, they had become frogs, and had to keep on calling out the same ugly words they

had said to her, in the same harsh voices. And there they are to this day croaking and leaping.

Perhaps this story is true, and perhaps it is not, but the easiest way for you to find out is to watch the tadpole from the time it is an egg until it croaks.

And you might also watch that greedy animal who will never give any one even a drink of water, and who calls names and says ugly words, and then you will know whether he really lives in the mud or whether he carries the mud in his heart.

The Golden Touch.*

ADAPTED FROM HAWTHORNE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king whose name was Midas. He had one daughter, a little girl whom he dearly loved, and her name was Marygold.

King Midas was fonder of gold than anything else in the world, unless it was this little maiden, and this was the reason he named her Marygold.

The king had great bags of gold coin, a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, heavy golden bars, and many other treasures; these he kept hidden away in a dark dungeon of his palace. Every day he would go down to this dismal place, and, locking the door carefully behind him, would count over his riches.

One day Midas was in his treasure-room enjoying himself as usual, when he saw a shadow fall on the heaps of gold. He looked up; there was a stranger standing in the sunlit corner.

The stranger smiled at Midas kindly, and, looking about the room, said: "You are a very rich man, friend Midas; I doubt if any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have piled up here."

"I have done fairly well, fairly well," answered Midas. "But, after all, it is but a trifle when you think that it has taken me all my life to get it together."

* From *Grandfather's Stories*. Copyright by D. Appleton & Co., 1889.

If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich."

"What!" cried the stranger, "then are you not satisfied?" Midas shook his head. "And pray what do you wish?" asked the stranger. "I should really like to know."

Midas did not answer at once; he tried to think of the very largest amount of gold possible, and yet it seemed too small. At last a bright idea came to him.

Raising his head, he looked the stranger in the face. "Well, Midas," said the visitor, "I see that you have decided. Tell me your wish." "I am tired of collecting my gold so slowly; I wish everything that I touch may be changed to gold." The stranger's smile grew so very broad that it seemed to fill the room like sunlight.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he; "are you quite sure, my friend Midas, that this will satisfy you?" "How could it fail?" said Midas. "And will you never be sorry that you possess it?" "Why should I?" asked Midas. "I wish for nothing else to make me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish," replied the stranger, waving a farewell with his hand. "To-morrow at sunrise you will find that you have the 'Golden Touch'."

The figure of the stranger was so dazzling that Midas closed his eyes, and when he opened them he saw only a yellow sunbeam where the stranger had stood. Very early next morning King Midas awoke, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects near him. He first laid his fingers on a chair by his bedside, but no change could he see.

Then he tried the other things, but they remained exactly as before. Sadly disappointed was King Midas. All this while it was only daybreak; the sun had not yet risen.

But suddenly the first sunbeam came through the window, and then on the king's bed, and, as he held the bed-spread in his hand, behold the linen cloth had become cloth of gold! The "Golden Touch" had come to him with the first sunbeam.

Midas started up joyfully, and ran about the room, touching everything in his way. He seized one of the bed-posts, and it became a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At first touch it looked like a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume; but, when he opened it, alas! there were only thin golden plates, with not one word that could be read.

He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was delighted to find himself dressed in gold-cloth, which was soft and flexible, but somewhat heavy.

He drew out his handkerchief, which little Mary-gold had hemmed for him. This, too, was gold, with the dear child's pretty stitches all along the border in gold thread. This change he did not like so much; he would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained the same as when she climbed upon his knee and put it in his hand. Then the king left his room and went down the wide staircase, smiling to himself to see the balustrade become a bar of burnished gold.

He stepped from the hall into the garden, blossom-

ing with roses, which scented the morning air with their fragrance.

King Midas looked at them with delight, but thought to himself, "I can make you far more precious"; so he took great pains, in going from bush to bush, to touch every rose, until each flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold.

By this time the king was called to breakfast, and, as the morning air had given him a keen appetite, he made haste back to the palace. Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. The king ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at the table, awaited her. It was not a great while before he saw her coming along the passage-way, crying bitterly.

When Midas heard her sobs, he thought he would give his little Marygold a surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's china bowl, and changed it into shining gold.

Meanwhile Marygold slowly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?" Marygold, without taking her apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the golden roses.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there here to make you cry?" "Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew. As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the

garden to gather some roses for you, but, oh, dear! what do you think has happened? All the beautiful roses that smelled so sweetly are blighted and spoiled. They have grown quite yellow, like this one. What can have been the matter with them?"

"Pooh! my little girl, pray don't cry about it," said Midas, who was ashamed to tell her the truth. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk; you will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that, which will last hundreds of years, for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this," cried Marygold, tossing it away. "It has no smell, and its hard petals prick my nose."

The child now sat down to the table, but the tears still came, and she did not notice the change in her china bowl.

The king, whose cup of coffee had been placed before him, lifted a spoonful to his mouth, and sipping it was astonished to find that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump. "Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast. "What is the matter, dear father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him through her tears.

"Nothing, child—nothing," said Midas. "Eat your milk before it gets quite cold."

The king then took a brook-trout on his plate, and touched it with his fingers, when it at once became a gold-fish. Then he tried a smoking-hot cake, but had scarcely broken it before it became heavy with gold. An egg, too, underwent a similar change. So

it was with each dish to which the king was helped, and all the time he grew more and more hungry.

At last, when he had burned his tongue severely with a potato, which had become red-hot metal, he could bear it no longer, but groaned aloud.

On hearing her father's outcry, pretty Marygold started from her chair, and, running to him, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. The king bent down and kissed her tenderly. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he. But Marygold made no answer. Alas! what had he done? The moment his lips touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. His little daughter was a child no longer, but a golden statue.

Poor King Midas! He stood at first dumb with despair. Then he began to wring his hands and cried, "Would that I were the poorest man in the wide world if only my dear child were restored to me!"

While he was thus lamenting, suddenly the stranger, who had granted his dearest wish, stood before him. "Well, friend Midas," said he, "pray how do you succeed with the 'Golden Touch'?" Midas shook his head and pointed to the golden statue. "I have lost all my heart really cared for." "Ah! so you have made a discovery since yesterday?" the stranger said. "Let us see, then, which of these things do you really think is worth the most, the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear, cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again."

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?" "A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth."

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"My child, my dear child," cried poor Midas. "I would not give one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing the whole earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the stranger, looking seriously at him; "your own heart, I see, has not been entirely changed to gold. Tell me, do you sincerely wish to get rid of the Golden Touch?" "It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that flows past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a jar of the same water and sprinkle over any object you may desire to change again from gold to its former substance. If you do this, you may repair the mischief your folly has caused."

King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head he was alone.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a big earthen pitcher—earthen no longer after he had touched it, and hurrying to the river-side. On reaching the stream, he plunged in headlong, without so much as waiting to pull off his shoes.

"Poof, poof, poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head rose from the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think I must have quite washed

away the 'Golden Touch'—and now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher in the water, he was glad to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before. The curse of the Golden Touch had been really removed from him.

And now King Midas hastened back to the palace, bearing the pitcher carefully, that he might not waste a single drop. In handfuls he sprinkled the water over the little golden figure of his Marygold. No sooner did it fall on her, than she began to sneeze and sputter, and how astonished was she to find herself dripping wet!

"Pray do not, dear father," cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock which I put on only this morning!" For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue.

King Midas never regretted the loss of the Golden Touch.

Diamonds and Toads.*

THERE was, once upon a time, a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so much like her in face and humor, that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable, and so proud, that there was no living with them. The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls ever seen. As people naturally love their own likenesses, this mother even doted on her eldest daughter, and at the same time had a sad aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink. "O yes, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman, having drunk, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift"—for this was a

* From *Heart of Oak Series*, by permission of D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country woman, to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

When this pretty girl came home her mother scolded her for staying so long at the fountain. "I beg your pardon, mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste," and, in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds. "What is it I see there?" said the mother quite astonished, "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth! How happens this, my child?" This was the first time she ever called her her child.

The poor creature told her frankly all the matter, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds. "In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send my child thither. Come hither, Fanny, look what comes out of your sister's mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to you? You have nothing else to do but go draw water out of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very civilly." "It would be a very fine sight, indeed," said this ill-bred minx, "to see me go draw water!" "You shall go, hussy," said the mother, "and this minute." So away she went, but grumbling all the way, and taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain than she saw com-

ing out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink. This was, you must know, the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but who had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go. "Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy maid, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well, then, since you have so little breeding, and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "Well, daughter." "Well, mother," answered the pert hussy, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads. "O mercy!" cried the mother, "what is it I see! O, it is that wretch, her sister, who has occasioned all this; but she shall pay for it." And immediately she ran to beat her. The poor child fled away from her, and went to hide herself in the forest, not far from thence.

The king's son, then on his return from hunting, met her, and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried. "Alas! sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors." The king's son, who saw five or six pearls, and as many diamonds, come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story; and so the king's son fell in love

with her; and, considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage-portion whatsoever in another, he conducted her to the palace of the king, his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off; and the miserable girl, having wandered about a good while without finding anybody to take her in, went to a corner in the wood and there died.

Talking in Their Sleep.*

EDITH M. THOMAS.

"YOU think I am dead,"
The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have started with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

*From *Harper's Third Reader*, by permission of American Book Co.

“You think I am dead,”
A soft voice said,
“Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you, then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”

The Child and the Lily.*

BRYANT.

INNOCENT children and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossoms with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

* By permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

Grow, and Keep on Growing.*

THE sun shone out on a clear March day,
And sent his beams, so cheery,
Straight from the heavens so far away
Through a snow-bank damp and dreary,
Down, down and down through the forest mold,
Though the chill west winds were blowing,
And said to the small seeds hidden there,
"Grow, and keep on growing."

The seeds sprang up at the earnest call,
And the white roots burrowed lowly,
In the deep, damp soil, poor patient things,
But the plants crept upward slowly;
They timidly peeped above the ground,
And sighed, "It has just been snowing;
We'll snuggle back," but the sun sent word,
"Grow, and keep on growing."

Then the tiny mouths of the slender roots
Drank of the moisture springing
Amid the moss—the earth's sweet soil,
The food for their fruitage bringing.
But creeping thus in the dark, they found
Boulders their path bestrewing;
"We'll rest," they said; but the sun said, "No!
Grow, and keep on growing."

* From *Fairy Land of Flowers*, by permission of Educational Publishing Co.

Then upward shot a spire of leaves,
And there 'neath the sun unfolding,
A tiny Oak spread its branching boughs,
A sight well worth beholding.
Soon tow'ring high,—a forest king—
It made a noble showing,
Through heeding this earnest message well,
"Grow, and keep on growing."

If a weight of woe or the winds of care
Check the soul in its upward springing,
Send the roots of the heart to take stronger hold,
A sweeter nutrition bringing,
Then fill the soul with all right desires,
Aspire—for there is no knowing
How high shall mount the soul that strives
To grow, and keep on growing.

The Corn Song.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

Did the Cat Count?*

A CERTAIN wise mother cat had, time after time, been robbed of her kittens—all but one. She knew by this time what to expect.

"Oh, dear!" said the mistress, "here are four more kittens to be killed, unless we can give them away."

Kittens are too plenty and not popular enough for the demand to be equal to the supply; but by good fortune one of the neighbors did wish two of the kittens, and they were gladly given to him, while the mother cat was around the neighborhood visiting her sisters and cousins, and telling them what "a likely lot of lively kittens, all handsome as pictures," she had left at home.

I fancy that she hinted, as some other mothers will do, in a vain way, that her kittens were even handsomer and brighter than her sisters' kittens. This proud mother returned home; her proud purring was even more self-satisfied than usual, as she daintily stepped over the grass and went under the shed where her kittens were at home in a barrel.

She jumped upon the edge and looked down. "What!" Well, no, the cat did not speak, but she looked that word. She paused several seconds, then leaped in, and she searched, but it was no use; where she had left five hale and hearty kittens, there now were but three!

* From *Beacon Light Series*, published by W. A. Wilde & Co.

She made no loud wail; her sorrow was not cried from the housetop; she did not visit her neighbors, crying, "There is no sorrow like unto my sorrow; is it nothing to ye that pass by?" Indeed, not; she set her human friends a noble example of self-repression. But she did not leave her kittens that night even to get her own supper as usual. In the morning her mistress went to the barrel and called, and she came at once, but she only left one kitten there; where were the other two?

It was some time before the family found the two missing kittens; faithfully she fed her one kitten, and seemed to leave it alone with perfect confidence.

Later it was discovered that she had hidden the other two in separate hiding-places, and watched her chance to go to them when no one was looking. If any one came in sight, she looked as innocent as possible; as if she had never known the sorrow of having her children stolen and sold into slavery, or perhaps murdered in cold water.

Evidently this cat said to herself, "Here I have five kittens; already two have been stolen, and soon two more will follow; one kitten is safe, for they always leave me one; so I will just hide two of the three left."

How else can we account for the "close calculation" she evinced, after having lost two out of five?

What Solon Did for Athens.*

AT Athens the troubles which led the people to call upon Solon to make laws for them did not come from wars with their enemies, but from quarrels in the city itself. There had once been kings at Athens who ruled over the people, but these had been overthrown, and the city was now what we call a republic; that is, certain men were chosen each year to rule over the others. But instead of letting all the people choose these men, as we do in our own republic, only the nobles were allowed to vote. This the common people did not like, so there were quarrels between them and the nobles. Besides this, there was another trouble. Owing to wars and bad harvests, the poorer people in the state had been obliged to borrow money of the rich, and when they could not pay it back the law allowed them to be seized, and sold as slaves. So there was much ill-feeling between the different classes, and it seemed for a time as if they would fall to fighting about these things.

To prevent this, both sides agreed that a wise man named Solon should be chosen ruler for the year, and that he should be allowed to make any changes in the laws that he thought were needed. The nobles thought that Solon would decide in their favor because he was himself a noble; and the people thought he would

* From *Greek Gods, Heroes and Men*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

decide in their favor because he had always shown himself friendly to them.

But Solon did not give either side all that they wanted. First he decided that the Athenians should not be sold as slaves when they could not pay their debts. That was something for the common people. Then he decided that the people who owed money and could not pay it should be helped to do so. This also was a gain for the poorer people; but as they had hoped that they should not have to pay anything at all, they were disappointed. Then he decided that the nobles must let the common people share in the rule of the city. "I gave the people," he said, "as much power as they ought to have without cheating them any, or giving them more than was their share." But this satisfied neither party; as the nobles had expected to keep all the power for themselves, while the people also had hoped to get it all for themselves.

So both parties were dissatisfied with what Solon had done, and the quarrels continued. But after these had lasted for some time, and the Athenians had suffered much on account of them, they at last came to see that Solon was right, and they did as he wished them to do. The laws which Solon had made were cut in great blocks of wood, that they might not be forgotten; and for hundreds of years afterwards these blocks might be seen at Athens.

Many people expected that Solon would not lay down his power when his year was out, and that he would make himself "tyrant" or king. But Solon was too honest to do anything of the kind. When his year was over he went away from Athens, and spent many years

traveling. According to a story which the Greeks loved to tell, Solon came once to the court of a great king named Croesus. There the king showed him chests full of gold and silver and many other precious things which belonged to him. Then Croesus asked Solon who was the happiest man in the world, thinking, of course, that Solon would say that he was, because he had so much of what every one wishes to possess. But Solon named a poor man who had died while fighting for his country. Croesus then asked who was the next happiest; and Solon named two youths who had died while showing great honor to their mother. Then Croesus was angry.

"And do you not consider me happy?" he asked, pointing to all his wealth.

"I count no man happy until he is dead," answered Solon.

Many years after this, great misfortunes came on King Croesus. His kingdom was conquered by the king of the Persians, his jewels were taken from him, and he himself was placed on a great pile of wood to be burned alive. Then the words of Solon came to his mind, and he exclaimed,—

"O Solon! O Solon! O Solon!"

When the king of the Persians heard this, he sent to ask Croesus who this Solon was that he called upon. Then Croesus told him what Solon had said to him, and added,—

"Now I see only too well that Solon was right."

Then the other king had pity on Croesus, and set him free. And the fame of Solon spread so far that he came to be looked upon as one of the seven wisest men of Greece.

Whittington And His Cat.*

RICHARD WHITTINGTON was supposed to have been an outcast, for he did not know his parents, they either dying or leaving him to the parish of Taunton Dean in Somersetshire. As he grew up, being displeased with the cruel usage of his nurse, he ran away from her at seven years of age, and traveled about the country, living upon the charity of well-disposed persons, till he grew up to be a fine sturdy youth; when at last, being threatened to be whipped if he continued in that idle course of life, he resolved to go to London, whose streets, he heard, were paved with gold.

Not knowing the way, he followed the carrier; and at night, for the little services he did in rubbing his horses, he got from him a supper. When he arrived in this famous city, the carrier, supposing he would become a troublesome hanger-on, told him plainly he must leave the inn, and immediately seek out some employment, at the same time giving him a groat. With this he wandered about, not knowing any one, and, being in a tattered garb, some pitied him as a forlorn wretch, but few gave him anything.

What he had being soon spent, his stomach craved supply; but not having anything to satisfy it, he resolved rather to starve than steal.

* From *Heart of Oak Series*, by permission of D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

After two hungry days, and lying on bulkheads at night, weary and faint, he got to a merchant's house in Leadenhall Street, when he made many signs of his distressed condition, but the ill-natured cook was going to kick him from the door, saying, "If you tarry here, I will kick you into the kennel." This put him almost into despair, so he laid him down on the ground, being unable to go any farther.

In the meantime, Mr. Fitzwarren, whose house it was, came from the Royal Exchange, and, seeing him there in that condition, demanded what he wanted, and sharply told him, if he did not immediately depart, he would cause him to be sent to the house of correction, calling him a lazy fellow. On this, he got up; and, after falling two or three times, through faintness and want of food, making a bow, he told him he was a poor country fellow, and that, if he might be put in a way, he would refuse no labor, if it was only for his food. This raised a compassion in the merchant towards him; and then wanting a scullion, he immediately ordered one of the servants to take him in, and gave orders how he should be employed. And so he was fed, to his great refreshment.

This was the first step of Providence to raise him to what in time made him the city's glory and the nation's wonder. But he met with many difficulties, for the servants made sport of him, and the ill-natured cook told him, "You are to come under me; so look sharp, clean the spits and the dripping-pan, make the fires, wind up the jack, and nimbly do all other scullery work that I may set you about, or else I will

break your head with my ladle, and kick you about like a foot-ball."

This was cold comfort, but better than starving; and what gave him a beam of hope was, that Miss Alice, his master's daughter, hearing her father had entertained another servant, came to see him, and ordered that he should be kindly used. After she had discoursed with him about his kindred and method of life, and found his answers ingenuous, she ordered him some cast-off garments, and that he should be clean, and appear like a servant in the house. Then she went to her parents, and gave them her opinion of this stranger, which pleased them well, saying, "He looks like a serviceable fellow to do kitchen drudgery, run on errands, clean shoes, and do such other things as the rest of the servants think beneath them."

By this time he was confirmed in his place, and a flock bed prepared in the garret for him. These conditions pleased him, and he showed great diligence in the work, rising early and sitting up late, leaving nothing undone that he could do.

But, alas! being mostly under the cook-maid, she gave him sour sauce to these little sweets; for being of a morose temper, she used her authority beyond reason; so that, to keep in the family he had many a broken head, and the more he tried with good words to dissuade her from her cruelty, the more she insulted him, and not only abused him, but frequently complained against him, endeavoring to get him turned out of his service. But Miss Alice, hearing of her usage, interposed in his favor, so that she should not prevail against him.

This was not the only misfortune he suffered, for, lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, running over his face, and disturbing him with their squeaking, so that he knew not what to think of his condition or how to mend it. After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry or die, or quit her service; and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after, a merchant came to dinner, and, it raining exceedingly hard, he stayed all night. Whittington, having cleaned his shoes, and brought them to his chamber-door, received from the merchant a penny. This stock he improved, for, going along the street of an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm; so he desired to know the price of it. The woman praised it for a good mouser, and told him, sixpence. But he declared that a penny was all his stock; and she let him have it.

He took the cat home and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague; but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give a greater blessing to his endeavors, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes, for which they were to pay nothing for freight or custom.

Now all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities. But Miss Alice being by, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses; however, being constrained to come, he said that he hoped that they would not jeer at a poor simple fellow for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could claim as his own was but a poor cat, which he had bought for a penny that he had had given him for cleaning shoes, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him. Upon this, Miss Alice offered to lay something down for him; but her father told her the custom was, it must be his own which he ventured, and then ordered him to bring his cat; which he did, but with great reluctance, fancying nothing would come of it. He with tears delivered it to the master of the ship, which was called the "Unicorn," and which fell down to Blackwall in order to proceed on her voyage.

The cook-maid, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, would jeer at him about his grand adventure, when she did not scold at him, and led him such a life that he grew weary of enduring it, and little expecting what ensued, he resolved rather to try Dame Fortune than live in such great torment. And so, having packed up his bundle over night, he got out early on Allhallow's day, intending to ramble about the country. But as he went through Moorfields, he began to have pensive thoughts, and his resolutions began to fail him; however, on he went to Holloway, and sat down there to consider of the matter,

when on a sudden Bow bells began to ring a merry peal. He listened, fancied they called him back from his intended journey, and promised him the good fortune that afterwards befell him, imagining they expressed,—

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

This was a happy thought, as it made so great an impression on him, that finding that it was early, and that he might be at home before the family were stirring, he delayed not; and all things answered his expectation, for, having left the door ajar, he crept softly in and got to his usual drudgery.

During this time, the ship in which the cat was, was driven by contrary winds on the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, unknown to the English; but, finding the people courteous, the master and factor traded with them; so, bringing their wares of sundry sorts upon the deck, and, opening them, they suited them so well that the news was carried to the king, who sent for patterns, with which he was so pleased that he sent for the factor to his palace.

Their entertainment, according to custom, was on the floor, covered with carpets interwoven with gold and silver, on which they sat cross-legged. This kind of table was no sooner laid with various dishes than the scent drew together a great number of rats and mice, which devoured all that came in their way. This much surprised the factor, who asked the nobles if these vermin were not offensive. “Oh,” said they, “very much so. His majesty would give half his

revenue to be freed from them; for they are not only offensive at his table, but his chamber and bed are so troubled with them, that he is always guarded for fear of mischief." The factor then remembering Whittington's cat, and rejoicing at the occasion, told the king that he had an English beast in the ship which would rid all the court of them quickly.

The king, overjoyed at hearing the good news, and being anxious to be freed from those vermin, which so much spoiled his pleasure, disturbed his mind, and made all his enjoyments burdensome, desired to see this surprising creature; saying, "For such a thing, I will load your ship with gold, diamonds, and rich pearls."

This large offer made the master endeavor the more to enhance the cat's merits, saying, "She is the most admirable creature in the world; and I cannot spare her, for she keeps my ship clear of rats and mice, otherwise they would destroy all my goods." But his majesty would take no denial, saying, "No price shall part us."

The cat being sent for, and the tables being spread, the vermin came as before. Then they set her on the table, and she fell to it immediately, and killed them all in a trice. Then she came purring and curling up her tail to the king and queen, as if she asked a reward for her service; whilst they admired her, protesting it was the finest diversion they had ever seen.

His Moorish majesty was so pleased with the cat that he gave ten times more for her than for all the freight besides. The ship then sailed with a fair wind, and arrived safe at Blackwall, being the richest ship that ever came into England.

The master took the cabinet of jewels with him on shore, they being too rich a prize to be left on board, and presented his bill of lading to Mr. Fitzwarren, who praised God for such a prosperous voyage.

When he called all of his servants to give each his due, the master showed him the cabinet of pearls and jewels, the sight of which much surprised him; but upon being told that it was all for Whittington's cat, he said, "God forbid that I should deprive him of one farthing of it."

He then sent for him by the title of Mr. Whittington, who was then in the kitchen cleaning pots and spits. Being told that he must come to his master, he made several excuses; but, being urged to go, he at length came to the door and there stood bowing and scraping, scrupling to enter, until the merchant commanded him in and ordered a chair to be immediately set for him, on which he, thinking they intended to make sport of him, fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes besought him not to mock a poor, simple fellow, who meant none of them any harm.

Mr. Fitzwarren, raising him up, said, "Indeed, Mr. Whittington, we are serious with you, for in estate at this instant you are an abler man than I am," and then gave him the vast riches, which amounted to three hundred thousand pounds—an immense sum in those days.

At length, being persuaded to believe, he fell upon his knees and praised Almighty God, who had vouchsafed to behold so poor a creature in the midst of his misery. Then, turning to his master, he laid his riches at his feet; but he said, "No, Mr. Whittington,

God forbid that I should take so much as a ducat from you; may it be a comfort to you!"

Whittington then turned to Miss Alice, but she also refused it; upon which, bowing low, he said to her, "Madam, whenever you please to make choice of a husband, I will make you the greatest fortune in the world."

Upon this he began to distribute his bounty to his fellow-servants, giving even his mortal enemy, the cook, one hundred pounds for her portion. He also distributed his bounty very plentifully to all the ship's crew.

Upon this change, the haberdashers, tailors and sempstresses were set to work to make Mr. Whittington fine clothes, and all things answerable to his fortune. Being dressed, he appeared a very comely person, insomuch, that Miss Alice began to lay her eyes upon him. Now, her father, seeing this, intended a match between them, looking upon him to be a fortunate man. He also took him to the Royal Exchange to see the customs of the merchants, where he was no sooner known than they came to welcome him into their society.

Soon after this, a match was proposed between him and his master's daughter, when he excused himself on account of the meanness of his birth; but that objection being removed by his present worth, it was soon agreed upon, and the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen were invited to the wedding.

After the honeymoon was over, his father-in-law asked him what employment he would follow; whereupon he replied, he should like that of a merchant. So

they joined together in partnership and both grew immensely rich.

Though fortune had thus bountifully smiled on the subject of our history, he was far from being proud; yet he was merry, which made his company and acquaintance courted by all; and in a short time he was nominated Sheriff of London, in the year 1393, Sir John Hadley then being Mayor.

Thus he grew in riches and fame, being greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, whose hunger he always supplied. In five years' time he was chosen Lord Mayor, in which office he behaved with such justice and prudence, that he was chosen twice afterwards in the same office.

In the last year he entertained King Henry V., after his conquest of France, and his queen at Guildhall, in such a very grand manner, that the king was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject," and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said he would endeavor to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore and threw into the fire the king's bond for ten thousand marks due to the company of mercers; two thousand five hundred to the Chamber; two thousand to the grocers; and to the merchants, staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vinters, brewers, and bakers, three thousand marks each. "All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of sixty

thousand pounds sterling. Can your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the rest of his days honored by the rich and beloved by the poor. He had by his wife two sons and two daughters, some of whose posterity are worthy citizens.

He built many charitable houses; also a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael, adding to it a college, dedicated to St. Mary, with a yearly allowance for poor scholars; near which he erected a hospital, and well endowed it. There he caused his father-in-law and mother-in-law to be buried, and left room for himself and wife when death should call them. He built Newgate, a place for criminals. He gave large sums to Bartholomew's Hospital, and to many other charitable uses.

Dame Alice, his wife, died in the sixty-third year of her age, after which he would not marry, though he outlived her nearly twenty years. In the conclusion he died, and was buried in the place aforesaid, leaving a good name to posterity. The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780, over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street.

Hestia, the Goddess of the Hearth.*

HESTIA had fewer temples than any of the other gods of Mount Olympus, but she was worshiped the most of all. This was because she was the hearth-goddess,—that is, the goddess of the fireside,—and so had part in all the worship of the Greek home.

The Greeks said that it was Hestia who first taught men how to build houses. As their houses were so very different from the ones in which we live, perhaps you would like to know something about them. In the days when these old Greeks were so brave and noble, and had such beautiful thoughts about the world, they did not care much what kind of houses they lived in. The weather in their country was so fine that they did not stay in-doors very much. Besides, they cared more about building suitable temples for the gods, and putting up beautiful statues about the city, than they did about building fine houses for themselves.

So their houses were usually very small and plain. They did not have yards around the houses, but built them close together, as we do in some of our large cities. Instead of having their yard in front, or at the sides of the house, they had it in the middle, with the house built all around it. That is the way many people in other lands build their houses even now; and this inner yard they call a court-yard. Around three sides

* From *Greek Gods, Heroes and Men*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

of the court-yard the Greeks had pleasant porches in which the boys and girls could play when it was too hot for them to be out in the open yard. And opening off on all sides from the porches were the rooms of the house.

In the middle of one of the largest of these rooms, there was always an altar to the goddess Hestia. This was a block of stone on which a fire was always kept burning. The Greeks did not have chimneys to their houses, so they would leave a square hole in the roof, just over the altar, to let the smoke out. And as they had no stoves, all the food for the family was usually cooked over this fire on the altar.

Whenever there was any change made in the family they offered sacrifices to Hestia. If a baby was born, or if there was a wedding, or if one of the family died, they must sacrifice to Hestia. Also whenever any one set out on a journey, or returned home from one, and even when a new slave was brought into the family, Hestia must be worshiped, or else they were afraid some evil would come upon their home.

The Greeks thought that the people of a city were just a larger family, so they thought that every city, as well as every house, must have an altar to Hestia. In the town-hall, where the men who ruled the city met together, there was an altar to the goddess of the hearth; and on it, too, a fire was always kept burning. These old Greeks were very careful never to let this altar-fire go out. If by any chance it did go out, then they were not allowed to start it again from another fire, or even to kindle it by striking a bit of flint and a piece of steel together—for, of course, they had no

matches. They were obliged to kindle it either by rubbing two dry sticks together, or else by means of a burning-glass. Otherwise they thought Hestia would be displeased.

The Greeks were a daring people, and very fond of going to sea, and trading with distant countries. Sometimes, indeed, part of the people of a city would decide to leave their old home, and start a new city in some far-off place with which they traded. When such a party started out, they always carried with them some of the sacred fire from the altar of Hestia in the mother city. With this they would light the altar-fire in their new home. In this way the worship of Hestia helped to make the Greeks feel that they were all members of one great family, and prevented those who went away from forgetting the city from which they came.

Helios, the Driver of the Sun.*

THE Greeks did not know that the earth was round. They believed that it was flat, and that the sun moved over it each day from east to west. They thought that each morning the goddess of the Dawn threw open the eastern gates of the sky, and the golden chariot of the sun rolled out. This was drawn by twelve swift horses, and was so brilliant that men's eyes could not bear to look at it. In the chariot stood the driver, the god Helios, with the rays of the sun flaming around his head.

It took great skill to drive the chariot on its long day's journey. Helios had to guide it with much care, so as not to drive too near the earth and scorch it. The way during the morning was up a steep ascent. At noon the chariot reached the summit of the course, and began to descend toward the west. The way then was rough, and the descent so steep that the horses were in danger of falling headlong. But the journey was always finished in safety, and the weary horses entered the gates of the Evening.

There were two beautiful palaces for Helios, one in the east at the gates of the Dawn, and the other in the west at the gates of the Evening. To get from his western palace back to his palace at the gates of the Dawn, Helios, with his horses and the chariot of the sun, was obliged to sail underneath the world dur-

* From *Greek Gods, Heroes and Men*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers.

ing the night in a golden boat made by the god Hephaestus.

Helios had a son named Phaethon, who wished greatly to drive the chariot of the sun, and begged his father to allow him to guide it for one day. The god at first refused, saying,—

“Only my hands are strong enough to drive those spirited horses upon that dangerous road.”

But Phaethon would not be denied. He begged until at last his father consented. Helios placed the young man in the flaming chariot, and fastened the burning rays of the sun around his forehead. Then, as Dawn opened the eastern gates, the horses sprang forward. But they soon felt that their master's hands were not upon the reins. Phaethon was much too weak to guide the twelve strong horses. They dashed from the track downward toward the earth, setting fire to mountain-tops and forests, and boiling the water in the rivers and brooks. Then they whirled up among the stars, burning them, and setting the very heavens on fire.

When Helios saw what terrible mischief was being done, he begged Zeus for aid. To save the world from being destroyed, Zeus hurled a mighty thunderbolt at Phaethon, which struck him, and knocked him headlong from the sky. Then he sent a great rain, which lasted many days. Finally, when the flames were out, the gods saw how great the damage was. Whole countries were left bare and blackened; and though the plants soon began to grow again almost everywhere, some places are still barren to this day. And some races of men were so scorched by the great heat that the color of their skins has remained black or brown ever since.

The Leaves and the Wind.

GEORGE COOPER.

"COME, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song!
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

Calling the Flowers.

S. W. BROOKS.

WAKE! daffy-down-dilly, tucked under the snow;
 Turn softly, I pray, on your pillow of down;
 Come! stretch your sweet limbs now, my pretty, and
 grow—

Grow fast, to the size of your yellow spring gown.

Little crocus, asleep 'mid the roots of the grass,
 Come up for your mantle of purple or gold;
 And, my dear, give the snowdrop a nudge as you pass,
 'Tis time for her white frock, in spite of the cold.

The woodpecker plumes in the orchard his crest;
 And there is a bluebird this minute! The dear!
 Wake up, little blossom! 'tis time to be dressed,
 Hurry up now, my pretties, the Spring is right here!

The Fairy Life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there:
And sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watchdogs bark:

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

October.

A. R. T.

WH-SH-T!
The wind hugs high,
The wind hugs low,—
A flurry of dust,
A flurry of snow,—
Sunshine!

His-s-t!
The cricket sings,
The spider weaves,—
A skurry of birds,
A skurry of leaves,—
Golden-rod!

Hark!
The wolf-dog barks,
The pheasant thrums,—
A rattle of hoofs,
A rattle of guns,—
October!

When the Little Boy Ran Away.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the tree top knew,
And they all sang, "Stay!" but he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow me, follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day, that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violets whispered, "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see,
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me."
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Sang, "Follow me, follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the
skies,
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day, that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;

And all the rivers and all the rills
Were foaming mad with him.
And 'twas dark as the darkest night could be,
But still came the wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices, "Follow him, follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go, let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he.
But the thunder growled from a black cloud, "No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"
And an old gray owl from a tree top flew,
Saying, "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed, "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay."
Oh, the awful day
When the little boy ran away!

Then the moon looked out from a cloud and said:
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"
And the little boy promised—and cried and cried—
He would never leave his mother's side,
And the moonlight led him over the plain;
And his mother welcomed him home again.
But, oh what a day
When the little boy ran away!

A Song in Winter.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A ROBIN sings on the leafless spray,
Hey ho, winter will go!
Sunlight shines on the desolate way,
And under my feet
I feel the beat
Of the world's heart that never is still,
Never is still,
Whatever may stay.

Life out of death, as day out of night,
Hey ho, winter will go!
In the dark hedge shall glimmer a light,
A delicate sheen
Of budding green,
Then, silent, the dawn o' summer breaks,
As morning breaks,
O'er valley and height.

The tide ebbs out, and the tide flows back;
Hey ho, winter will go!
Though heaven be screened by stormy rack,
It rains, and the blue
Comes laughing through;
And, cloud-like, winter goes from the earth,
Goes from the earth
That flowers in his track.

Sing, robin, sing on your leafless spray,
Hey ho, winter will go!
Sunlight and song shall shorten the way,
And under my feet
I feel the beat,
Of the world's heart that never is still,
Never is still,
Whatever may stay.

The Hang-Bird's Nest.

A Cradle Song.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

ROCK-A-BY, birdies, upon the elm-tree,
Where the long limbs wave gently and free;
Tough as a bow-string, and drooping and small,
Nothing can break them to give you a fall;
Rock-a-by, birdies, along with the breeze,
All the leaves over you humming like bees;
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

Wonder how papa-bird braided that nest,
Binding the twigs about close to his breast;
Wonder how many there are in your bed,
Bonny swing-cradle hung far overhead.
Never mind, birdies, how lightly it swings,
Mother-bird covers you close with her wings.
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

Rock-a-by, birdies, there's no one to tire;
Mother rides with you; her wings are like fire;
All the bright feathers are round you so warm;
Rain cannot reach you and wind cannot harm;
Pretty bird-babies, let baby go swing
In your high cradle, while mamma shall sing:
High away, low away, come again, go!
Go again, come again, rock-a-by-low!

March.

LUCY LARCOM.

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops, to the tune of the wind;
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last—
Little white lily-buds, dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses,
Snowdrop, and bluebell, and pink,
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound—
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!

The Nightingale and the Glow-Worm.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame Power Divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

To a Butterfly.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I 'VE watch'd you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Has found you out among the trees, .
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

The Car-Wheel's Song.

A. R. T.

R-RHUDRHA, r-rhudrha, keep it up;
R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, dip a dup;
R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, run along,
Hear thee now the car-wheel's song.

R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, moon or sun,
Round and round I ever run,
R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, heat or cold,
Faster than the clouds are rolled.

R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, thus I bear,
North and South and everywhere,
Hogs and cattle from the plains,
Corn and wheat and all the grains;

Fruits and flowers from softer climes,
Bells to ring the vesper chimes,
Lumber, stone, and lime, and sand,
Homes to build and rivers span;

Hearts a'weary, hearts a'glad,
Bonnie lass and lusty lad,
Men with minds on gold intent,
Holy men on missions sent.

R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, on I sweep,
Over hills and glens I leap,
R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, never tired,
For my feet with steel are wired.

Fare thee well, my little chick,
Do well thy tasks and do them quick,—
R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, keep it up,
R-rhudrha, r-rhudrha, dip a dup.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

JOHN GAY.

AS in the sunshine of the morn
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass, whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach's crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind!
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance!" the snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain
Provoked my patience to complain,

I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth;
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born and snail shall end.
And what's a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

Fairy Song.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OVER hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green,
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

The Brook.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Five Out of One Shell.*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE were five peas in one shell. They were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought all the world was green, and that was just as it should be. The shell grew and the peas grew.

The sun shone without and warmed the husk, and the rain made it clear and bright. It was mild in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be, and the peas as they sat there became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for something they must do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside." And weeks went by. The peas became yellow, and the pod also.

"All the world's turning yellow," said they, and they had a right to say it. Just then they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through little hands, and fell down into the pocket of a jacket, along with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!" they said; and that was just what they were waiting for. "I should like to know who of us will get farthest!" said the smallest

* These translations from Hans Christian Andersen and from *Æsop's Fables* are taken from *Williams' Choice Literature*, by permission of Sheldon & Company, New York.

of the five. "Yes, now it will soon show itself." "What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his peashooter, and he put one in and shot it out.

"Now, I'm flying out into the wide world; catch me if you can!" And he was gone. "I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that just suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we are sent," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same." And they did roll and fell down on the ground before they got into the peashooter, but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to be will be," said the last, as he was shot out of the peashooter, and he flew up against the old board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled with moss and soft mold, and the moss closed round him; there he lay, held fast, but not forgotten.

In the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop wood, and to do other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and liked to work. But she was always poor, and at home in the garret lay her only child, who was very ill and weak; and it seemed as if she could not get well.

"She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I had only the two children, but it was not an easy thing to care for both, so the good God took one to

himself to care for; now I should be glad to keep the other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain apart."

But the sick girl did not go. She lay quiet all day long, while her mother went to earn money out of doors.

It was spring; and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor, and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window. "What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in upon me to-day so warm and bright. I shall get well soon, and get up and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother, but she did not think it would be so; but she took care of the little green plant which had given her child the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind.

She tied a piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something around which it could twine when it shot up; and it did shoot up; one could see how it grew every day.

"Why, here is a flower coming," said the woman one day; and now she began to hope that her sick child would get well. In the last few days she had sat up

in bed of her own will, and had sat upright, looking with her eyes full of delight at the little garden in which only one plant grew.

A week after, for the first time, she sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine; the window was open, and outside, before it, stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the pretty leaves.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and made it grow, to be a joy to you, and to me also, dear child," said the glad mother, and she smiled at the flower as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a bird's crop.

The two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by the birds, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and lay there in the dirty water for weeks and weeks.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom and thanked Heaven for it.

The Daisy.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IN the country, close by the road, stood a summer house. Before it was a little garden with flowers, and all around it a fence. Close by it, by the ditch, in the midst of the green grass, grew a little Daisy.

The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the splendid garden flowers and so it grew from hour to hour.

One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves like rays around the little sun in the middle.

It never thought that no man would see it down in the grass, and that it was a poor little flower. No, it was very merry, and looked up at the warm sun and heard the Lark singing, high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches, learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is.

And the Daisy was very glad that everything it felt was sung so sweetly by the Lark. It looked up with love to the happy bird who could sing and fly. But it was not sorry because it could not sing and fly, also.

"I can see and hear," it thought; "the sun shines on me and the forest kisses me, and I am very happy."

In the garden stood many tall, stiff, rich flowers, who held their heads very high that they might be better seen. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked in at them the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty birds fly to them and visit them. I am glad that I stand so near to them, and can enjoy the sight of their beauty!"

And just as she thought that, "keevit!" down flew the Lark. But not down to the great, rich flowers; no, down into the grass to the Daisy, who started so with joy, that it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced round about it, and sang, "Oh, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart, and silver on its dress!" For the yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves round it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little Daisy! No one can think how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, and sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air.

The Daisy looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the Lark kiss and speak to the little flower, and they must have known what a joy it was.

But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked quite red, for they were angry. The poor little flower could see very well that all the flowers were angry, and that hurt it very much.

At this moment there came into the garden a girl, with a great sharp, shining knife. She went straight up to the tulips, and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh," said the Daisy, "this is dreadful! now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The Daisy was glad to stand out in the grass, and to be only a poor little flower.

It felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night about the sun and the pretty little bird.

Next morning, when the flower again stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the sky and the light, it heard again the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing was sad.

Yes, the poor Lark was very sad; he was caught, and now sat in a cage close by the open window.

He sang of happy and free roaming. He sang of the young, green corn in the fields, and of the journey he might make on his wings, high through the air.

The Daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was very hard to find out.

Just then two little boys came out into the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the little girl had used to cut off the tulips.

They went straight up to the little Daisy, who could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may find a fine piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he cut out a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower stood in the middle of the piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower," said one boy. "No, let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty."

And so it was put into the Lark's cage. But the

poor bird sang sadly, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison house.

And the little Daisy could not speak,—could not say a kind word to him, gladly as it would have done so.

“There is no water here,” said the Lark. “They have all gone out and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. Oh, I must die, and leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all that God has made.”

Then the poor bird saw the Daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, “You also must die here, you pretty little flower. They have given you to me with a little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world, which was mine out there! Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your sweet leaves a great flower. You only tell me how much I have lost.”

“If I could only help him!” thought the little Daisy. It could not stir a leaf, but sent such a stream of perfume from its leaves that the Lark noticed it, and was grateful. He had already eaten all the green blades of grass, in his pain, but did not touch the flower.

Night came, and no one brought the poor bird a drop. Then he stretched out his pretty wings and his head sank down toward the flower, and his heart broke.

Then the Daisy could not fold its leaves and sleep as it had done the night before. It drooped sadly to the earth.

The boys did not come till the next morning. When they found the bird dead, they were very sorry and cried for a long while. Then they dug him a little grave and planted pretty flowers on it.

While the Lark was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer. But now that he was dead he had flowers and many tears.

But the patch of earth with the Daisy in it was thrown out into the high road. No one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird and would have been so glad to help him.

The Fir Tree.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

OUT in the forest was a pretty little Fir Tree. It stood where it could have the sunlight, and where there was plenty of air. It had many larger companions, pines as well as firs. The little Fir Tree was not happy. It wanted to become larger. It did not care for the warm sun and fresh air; it took no notice of the children who had come out to look for berries. But the children noticed it, and when they had a whole basket of berries, or had strung berries on a straw, they would sit down by the little Fir Tree and say, "How pretty and how small this one is!" The Fir Tree did not like to hear this. He did not like to be called small.

The next year he had grown a whole joint, and the year after another. "Oh, if I were only as large as the others," sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches, and from my crown I would look out into the wide world. Then the birds would build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I would nod as proudly as they."

The sunshine and the birds, and the red clouds, and all that should have made the Fir Tree happy, gave it no pleasure.

When the winter came, and the snow lay all around, white, beautiful, and sparkling, and the Hares played about, jumping right over the little Fir Tree, it grew

angry, instead of being happy as it should have been. But the third winter came, and the little tree had grown so tall that the Hares were obliged to run around it.

"Oh! to grow, and grow, and become old, that is the only fine thing in the world," thought the little Fir Tree.

Every fall men came and cut a few of the largest trees. The great trees fell to the ground with a crash. Their branches were cut off, and they were so long, and slender, and naked, that one would hardly know them. They were loaded upon wagons, and horses drew them away, out of the wood. Where were they going? What was to be done with them? The little Fir Tree was now quite well grown, and all this made it shudder with fear.

In the spring when the Swallows and the Storks came, the little Fir Tree asked them what had become of the large trees.

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but a Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said, "I think I know. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt, and they had high masts. I think they were the trees. They smelled like fir."

"Oh, I wish I were big enough to go over the sea," said the Fir Tree. "What kind of a thing is the sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the Stork, and away he went.

"Rejoice in your youth," said the Sunbeams, "rejoice in your fresh growth and young life," and the Wind kissed the Tree, and the Dew wept tears upon it; but the Fir Tree did not understand it.

Just before Christmas time, young trees, some neither so large nor so old as the Fir Tree, were cut, and with their branches all untouched were drawn away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not larger than I am. Indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Where are they taken?"

"We know! we know!" chirped the Swallows. "We know where they go. We have seen them in the windows in the town yonder. Oh! they are dressed up beautifully. We have looked in the windows, and seen them planted in the middle of a warm room, covered with the most beautiful things, — gilt apples, honey cakes, playthings, and hundreds of candles."

"And what happens then?" asked the Fir Tree, trembling in all its branches.

"Why, we have not seen anything more," said the Swallows, "but it was very, very beautiful."

The Fir Tree was very happy, and said, "Perhaps that will be my fate some day. That would be even better than traveling across the sea. Oh, how I long for it! If it were only Christmas time now! Oh, if I were only on the carriage! If I were only in the warm room with all the beautiful things! And then? Yes, there must be something grander to come. Oh! how I am longing for it!"

"Rejoice in us," said the Air and Sunshine. "Rejoice in your fresh youth here in the woods."

But the Fir Tree did not rejoice at all. It grew and grew. It stood there, a dark, beautiful green, winter

and summer. People who saw it said, "What a handsome tree!"

When Christmas time came again, it was cut down before any of the others. The ax cut deep into its marrow, and it fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt faint and could not think at all of happiness. After all, it felt sad at parting from its home. It knew that it would never again see its dear old companions, the little bushes, the flowers, perhaps not even the birds. It had longed to go, but after all, the parting was a sad one.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard with other trees, and heard a man say, "This is a famous one; this is the one we want."

Two servants came and carried the Fir Tree into a large, beautiful room. Pictures were hung all around the walls. Large Chinese vases, with lions on the covers, stood by the great stove. There were rocking chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars; at least the children said so.

The Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a many-colored carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants and the young ladies hung beautiful things on its branches, nets filled with sweetmeats, golden apples, dolls that looked like real people, and more than a hundred little candles. On the very top of the Tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, very splendid. "This evening," they all said, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the Tree, "I wish it were evening already! I hope the lights will be lit soon. I wonder if the trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the Sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and be so beautiful, summer and winter?"

At last the candles were lighted. How bright and beautiful it was! The Tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig and it was scorched.

The folding doors were now thrown open, and a number of children rushed in. The older people followed quietly. The little ones stood quite silent for a minute, and then they shouted till the room rang. They danced around the Tree, as one present after another was taken from it.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree. "What is going to be done?"

As the candles burned down to the twigs, they were put out, and the children had permission to plunder the Tree. How they rushed in upon it! Every branch crackled! If it had not been fastened to the ceiling, it would have fallen down.

The children danced about with their pretty toys. No one looked at the Tree, except one old man, who came up and peeped among the branches, but only to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

"A story! A story!" shouted the children. And they drew a little fat man toward the Tree, and he sat down just beneath it. "For then we shall be in the greenwood," said he, "and the Tree may have the advantage of listening to my tale. But I can tell only

one. Will you have the story of Ivede-Avede, or of Klumpey-Dumpey, who fell downstairs, and still was raised up to honor, and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some; "Klumpey-Dumpey!" cried others. And there was great crying out, and shouting. The Fir Tree was quite silent, and thought, "Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But he had been in the evening's amusement, and had done his part.

And the fat man told about Klumpey-Dumpey who fell downstairs and yet was raised to honor, and married the Princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried, "Tell another! Tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede. The Fir Tree was silent. The birds in the woods had never told such a story as that.

The Fir Tree thought the story must be true, because such a nice man told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I, too, shall fall downstairs, and marry a princess," said the Fir Tree. And it looked forward to being trimmed again, the next evening, with candles and toys and gold and fruit.

"To-morrow I shall hear the story of Klumpey-Dumpey again, and perhaps the story of Ivede-Avede, also."

The Tree was quiet and thoughtful all night. In the morning the servants came in.

"Now my splendor will begin anew," thought the Tree; but they dragged him out of the room, upstairs, to the garret, and put him in a dark corner. "What does this mean?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought. And he had time enough; for days and nights went by, and nobody came up, and when some one did come, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree was quite hidden away and forgotten.

"Now it is winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard, and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; so I suppose I am to be kept here until spring. How kind that is! I wish it were not so dark here, and so lonely. How pretty it was out in the wood, when the snow was on the ground, and the Hares ran and jumped over me! but then I did not like it."

"Peep! peep!" said a little Mouse, who crept forward, followed by another. They smelled at the Fir Tree, and then slipped in among the branches. "It is horribly cold," said the two little Mice. "If it were not so cold, it would be very comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I am not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Mice; "and what do you know? Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the storeroom, where the cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang down from the ceiling; where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the Tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines, and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

And the little Mice had never heard anything of the kind; and they listened, and said,—

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the Fir Tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes; those were really quite happy times." Then he told of Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little Mice; "how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the Tree. "I only came out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little Mice.

And the next night they came, with four other little Mice, to hear what the Tree had to say; and the more it said, the more clearly it remembered everything, and thought, "Those were merry days. But they may come again. Klumpey-Dumpey fell downstairs, and yet he married the Princess. Perhaps I may marry a princess, too," and then the Fir Tree thought of a pretty little birch tree that grew out in the forest. For the Fir Tree, that birch was a real princess.

"Who's Klumpey-Dumpey?" asked the little Mice. The Fir Tree told the whole story. The little Mice were ready to leap to the very top of the Tree with pleasure. The next night, a great many more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats, but they thought the story was not pretty, and the little Mice were sorry, for now they did not like it as well as they had done before.

"Do you know only that story?" asked the Rats.

"Only that one," replied the Tree. "I heard that

on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That is a very miserable story. Don't you know any about bacon and tallow candles,—a storeroom story?"

"No," said the Tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the Rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little Mice, at last, stayed away also; and then the Tree sighed, and said, "It was very nice when they sat around me,—the merry little Mice,—and listened to me; now that is past, too."

One morning, people came to the garret. Boxes were put away, and the Tree was brought out. A servant dragged it downstairs, where the daylight shone. "Now life is beginning again!" thought the Tree.

It was taken out in the courtyard, and felt the fresh air. There was so much to look at that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself. Near by was a garden. The roses and the linden trees were in blossom. The swallows were calling out to their mates.

"Now I shall live," said the Tree, rejoicing; and it spread its branches far out, but, alas! they were all withered and yellow.

The Tree was thrown in the corner among the nettles and weeds.

Children who danced around the tree at Christmas were playing in the courtyard. One of the youngest ran up, and tore off the golden star. "Look at what is sticking to the ugly old Fir Tree!" said the child.

The Tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the

beautiful garden, and then looked at itself, and was sorry it had not remained in the dark corner of the garret.

"Everything has passed!" said the Tree. "I wish I had rejoiced when I might have done so."

A servant came, and chopped the tree into little pieces. He burned it, and, as it blazed brightly, it sighed, and each sigh was like a little shot; and the children who were at play there looked into the fire and cried, "Puff! puff!" The Tree thought of the summer day in the woods, or of a winter night when the stars shone, of Christmas Eve, of Klumpey-Dumpey, the only story he had ever heard or knew how to tell; and then he was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest wore the golden star which the Fir Tree wore on its happiest evening; now that was past, and the Tree's life was past, and the story is past, too,—and that is the way with all stories.

The Dog in the Manger.

ÆSOP.

A DOG lay in a manger full of hay. An Ox came near and wanted to eat the hay. The Dog got up and growled at him, and would not let him eat it. "Cross Dog," said the Ox; "you cannot eat the hay, and yet you will let no one else have any."



The Husbandman and His Sons.

ÆSOP.

A CERTAIN husbandman lying at the point of death, called his sons around him, and gave into their charge his fields and vineyards, telling them that a treasure lay hidden somewhere in them, within a foot from the surface. His sons thought he spoke of money which he had hidden, and after he was buried they worked hard, digging all over the estate, but found nothing. The soil being well loosened, however, the succeeding crops were richer than ever before, and the sons then knew what their father had in view in telling them to dig for hidden treasure.

The Sun and the North Wind.

ÆSOP.

A DISPUTE once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Seeing a traveler on his way, they agreed to try which could sooner make him throw off his cloak.

The North Wind began, and sent a fierce blast which, at the outset, nearly tore the cloak from its fastenings; but the traveler took hold of the garment with a firm grip, and held it round his body so tightly that the North Wind put forth all the rest of his force in vain.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, darted his most sultry beams on the traveler's head. The man, growing faint with the heat, flung off his cloak, and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

Hercules and Pallas.

ÆSOP.

ONCE when Hercules was journeying along a narrow roadway, he came across a strange-looking animal that reared its head and threatened him. Hercules, not at all frightened, gave him a few lusty blows with his club, and started to move on. To his surprise and astonishment, the animal was now three times as large as before, and of a still more threatening aspect. He therefore redoubled his blows, and laid about him fast and furiously; but the harder and quicker the strokes of the club, the bigger and more frightful grew the monster, who now completely filled up the road. Pallas then appeared upon the scene. "Stop, Hercules," said she. "Cease your blows. The monster's name is Strife. Let it alone, and it will soon become as little as it was at first."

The Frogs Asking for a King.

ÆSOP.

LONG ago, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with great clamor petitioned Jupiter to let them have a king, to keep them in better order and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing their foolishness, smiled at their request, and threw down a log into the lake, which, by the huge splash and commotion it made, sent the whole nation of Frogs into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water and into the mud, and dared not come into a leap's length of the spot where it lay. At length one Frog, bolder than the rest, ventured to pop his head above the water, and take a look at their new king from a respectful distance. Presently, when they saw the log lie stock still, others began to swim up to it and around it, till by degrees growing bolder and bolder, they at last leaped upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Full of disgust for so tame a ruler, they carried a petition a second time to Jupiter, and asked for a more active king. He then sent them a stork, who had no sooner come among them than he began to eat them as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they tried to escape him. Then they sent Mercury to Jupiter to beg for mercy for them, but Jupiter replied that they were only suffering the result of their own folly, and that another time they would know enough to let well alone.

The Little Brown Baby,

THE YOUNGEST OF THE SEVEN SISTERS.*

FAR away in the warm country lives a little brown baby; she has a brown face, little brown hands and fingers, brown body, arms, and legs, and even her little toes are also brown.

And this baby wears no little frock nor apron, no little petticoat, nor even stockings and shoes,—nothing at all but a string of beads round her neck, as you wear your coral; for the sun shines very warm there, and she needs no clothes to keep her from the cold.

Her hair is straight and black, hanging softly down each side of her small brown face; nothing at all like Bell's golden curls, or Marnie's sunny brown ones.

Would you like to know how she lives among the flowers and the birds?

She rolls in the long soft grass, where the gold-colored snakes are at play; she watches the young monkeys chattering and swinging among the trees, hung by the tail; she chases the splendid green parrots that fly among the trees; and she drinks the sweet milk of the cocoanut from a round cup made of its shell.

When night comes, the mother takes her baby and tosses her up into the little swinging bed in the tree, which her father made for her from the twisting vine

*This selection is taken by permission from the *Seven Little Sisters*, published by Ginn & Co.

that climbs among the branches. And the wind blows and rocks the little bed; and the mother sits at the foot of the tree singing a mild sweet song, and this brown baby falls asleep. Then the stars come out and peep through the leaves at her. The birds, too, are all asleep in the tree; the mother-bird spreading her wings over the young ones in the nest, and the father-bird sitting on a twig close by with his head under his wing. Even the chattering monkey has curled himself up for the night.

Soon the large round moon comes up. She, too, must look into the swinging bed, and shine upon the closed eyes of the little brown baby. She is very gentle, and sends her soft light among the branches and thick green leaves, kissing tenderly the small brown feet, and the crest on the head of the mother-bird, who opens one eye and looks quickly about to see if any harm is coming to the young ones. The bright little stars, too, twinkle down through the shadows to bless the sleeping child. All this while the wind blows and rocks the little bed, singing also a low song through the trees; for the brown mother has fallen asleep herself, and left the night-wind to take care of her baby.

So the night moves on, until, all at once, the rosy dawn breaks over the earth; the birds lift up their heads, and sing and sing; the great round sun springs up, and shining into the tree lifts the shut lids of the brown baby's eyes. She rolls over and falls into her mother's arms, who dips her into the pretty running brook for a bath, and rolls her in the grass to dry, and then she may play among the birds and flowers all day

long; for they are like merry brothers and sisters to the happy child, and she plays with them on the bosom of the round earth, which seems to love them all like a mother.

This is the little brown baby. Do you love her? Do you think you would know her if you should meet her some day?

A funny little brown sister. Are all of them brown?

We will see, for here comes Agoonack and her sledge.

PART II.

SUGGESTIVE OUTLINES.

The aims in nature study, the world of realities, are set forth by the committee in the Course of Study as follows:

To develop the activities of perception, observation, understanding, memory, judgment, and language.

The outside world is itself but an expression of the Infinite mind; the first and simplest efforts of the child are directed toward its interpretation, toward getting its meaning. This process never ends. Already, as the child enters school, he has considerable skill in using his senses, and has made much progress in getting acquainted with both the animate and the inanimate objects about him. He is usually bubbling over with interest in everything he meets, and the teacher has little to do but to guide him wisely in his investigations. Above all things, however, the work must be done intelligently and systematically. While the child may know little of any plan, his teacher should be quietly directing it all toward a well-defined end.

While knowledge is one object of nature-study, it must be remembered that it should always be subservient to culture, to the development of the faculties of the child-mind. Let mere acquisition always be subordinate to the attainment of skill. If acquisition

be properly conducted, the desired development will assuredly follow. The knowledge which the child is now getting should anticipate in a logical way that broader, deeper inquiry which he is to make later. It must in all cases have such relative simplicity that the child can grasp it with reasonable effort. Variety in sufficiency to arouse and maintain interest is important.

To secure these ends, the teacher should be intimately acquainted with the functions of the different senses and their relation to perception, with the psychology and methodology of observation, understanding, memory, and judgment, as well as with the phenomena of the natural world.

The culture studies, the world of idealities, on their own side develop the imagination, the emotions, sympathy, judgment, memory, literary taste, and the creative activities.

The skilful teacher correlates these two great lines of study in such a way as to make them mutually stimulative, sharpening interest, quickening impulse, provoking inquiry. To do this successfully, he must familiarize himself with the wonders of the world round about him,—

With bird and flower and tree,
And pond and running brook.

He must also have such acquaintance with the literature of the novel, the useful, and the beautiful in nature that each is continually illuminating the other, revealing in quick succession new meaning and new beauty. His work as a teacher is perfect when he is successfully placing the child in such relationship to

both that they serve a similar purpose for him. The true mission of the book is to help the child to see and to understand nature. It multiplies his eyes and extends his vision. It shows him where to look for nature's hidden secrets and how to hear her sweetest melodies. It teaches him the alphabet of the stars, and helps him to understand the language of the flowers. It guides him in his search for the subtle forces that build alike the lichen scale and the mountain peak; that paint the lily and roll the earth around. It not only assists him in the perception of the external world, but also in understanding himself and his fellows, in interpreting the emotions and impulses that rise from the depths of his own consciousness, and in giving expression to the nobler instincts of his mind and heart. The child should be taught how to use the book, and there is no better time than when he is becoming acquainted with the outside world and can appreciate its value.

But while the nature and culture studies stimulate the mind to activity and supply it with content, the material upon which it feeds and grows, the impulse to expression also arises, showing itself first in crude ways and simple forms, then in more refined methods and more artistic creations; first in physical movement, then in suggestive symbols representing complex and widely-related ideas. Out of these efforts at expression and communication have grown the beautiful arts which, in their related sciences, constitute the formal studies, usually so called,—language, writing, reading, drawing, music, and certain parts of mathematics. Their function in education is universally

recognized. That in exercise they are always reacting upon the child, increasing both his understanding and his skill, at once quickening his interest and multiplying his power, is everywhere conceded. But their value is only partially realized if their proper relations to literature and the physical sciences are ignored. A teacher may be thoroughly familiar with the technical elements in each subject, but unless he keeps them ever serving the impulse to expression that each new idea coming into the life of the child begets, he will fail to secure the highest and best results. The relish such a method adds to each subject can only be appreciated by those who have tried it.

The following pages include a few suggestive outlines for the formal studies as well as for the nature and culture subjects. All are intended simply to illustrate the way in which correlation may be carried out in actual practice. Those given were prepared for her classes by Miss Achsah Harris, of the Model School at the State Normal School, Emporia, Kansas.

Read carefully the introduction to each subject as outlined in the Course of Study, not omitting the introduction to the music outline, and let spontaneity and individuality find full play in every lesson.

FIRST GRADE—(SECOND TERM).

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.*

For music, sing "An Autumn Song"—from *A First Book in Vocal Music*, Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers,—or some other appropriate selection.

READING, LESSON I.

See the large tree!
One sad little leaf is on it.
Do you hear the little leaf cry?
Why does the little leaf cry?
The wind told the little leaf it would throw it on the
ground to die.
Can the wind throw the leaf on the ground?
Will the leaf die?
Poor little leaf!

tree	sad	leaf	cry
wind	throw	ground	die

READING, LESSON II.

The leaf told the branch what the wind said.
The branch told the tree.
Then the tree told the leaf it would not fall to the
ground until it was ready.
Did the leaf cry any more?
No; it began to dance and sing.

* See Part I, page 17.

The little leaf was very happy.

Little happy leaf, do not cry any more.

told

until

more

branch

ready

dance

fall

any

happy

READING, LESSON III.

Now, it is autumn.

See the pretty leaves.

Some are yellow, some are red, and some are yellow and red.

All the leaves are getting ready to fly away.

The sad little leaf is ready to fly away too.

See the pretty leaf, all yellow and red.

Is not this a pretty dress for the sad little leaf?

Do you think the leaf will cry any more?

autumn

some

dress

yellow

fly

red

away

READING, LESSON IV.

The little leaf's work is done.

The leaf wants the branches to put on a yellow and red dress.

But the branches will not.

The branches have more work to do.

The leaf fell to the ground, but it did not cry.

All leaves fall to the ground when their work is done.

work

wants

done

fell

Read to the children "The Leaves and the Wind"—Part I, page 146.

DRAWING, LESSON I.

Draw the tree and show the sad little leaf. Show branches, twigs and leaves.

DRAWING, LESSON II.

Let the children bring autumn leaves to the class, and with papers match colors, red and yellow.

Cut from the yellow paper a yellow leaf.

Cut from the red paper a red leaf.

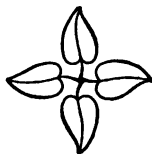
Paste these paper leaves on white paper.

DRAWING, LESSON III.

Draw two simple leaves, and with water-colors color one yellow, the other red.

DRAWING, LESSON IV.

Draw and arrange four or five simple leaves in a border or design.



LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON I.

Let the children gather and bring to the class red and yellow leaves. Lead them to notice and become interested in the little undeveloped bud in the axil of the leaf. Teach the term blade, and give the children opportunity to use the term. Also stem or leaf-stalk.

Lead them to notice that the twigs do not change

color in the fall as the leaves do. Their work is not done.

Tell them that they will be told a story of a little leaf that worried a great deal.

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON II.

Lead the children to reproduce the story.

Did the leaf have a good reason for worrying?

Is there anything that might worry the leaves during the summer? (Wind-storms, hail, insects.)

What have they to make them happy?

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON III.

Do little children ever worry?

What have they to make them happy?

How are the little leaves or buds cared for in the winter?

Teach seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter.

How do the trees look in the spring, summer, autumn, and winter?

What sends the leaf from the tree?

How do you think this little leaf felt when it saw its brothers and sisters getting ready to fly away?

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON IV.

Teach the names, base, apex, veins, and veinlets, reviewing blade and stem, and ask many questions which will require the children to use these terms.

NUMBERS, LESSON I.

How many leaves are a couple of leaves?

How many twigs are a couple of twigs?

How many branches are a couple of branches?

How many leaves are four yellow leaves and four red leaves?

The first time the wind shook the tree seven leaves fell to the ground, the next time one fell. How many fell?

There were eight yellow leaves on a branch, and one fell off. How many were left on the branch?

NUMBERS, LESSON II.

A little puff of wind turned a yellow leaf over six times. How many more times must it turn it over to make eight times?

Four leaves are red, two are yellow, and two are yellow and red. How many leaves?

On a tree in the garden there are six crooked branches and two straight branches. How many branches? How many more crooked branches than straight ones?

Mary cut from red paper six red leaves. How many more must she cut to have eight leaves?

NUMBERS, LESSON III.

There were eight beautiful leaves on a branch, and after a hail-storm there were but three. How many fell off?

From another branch two leaves blew off every day for four days. How many blew off?

In spring there are three months—in autumn there are three months. How many months in spring and autumn?

In summer there are three months—in winter there

are three months. How many months in summer and winter?

How many blades have eight leaves?

How many blades would half as many leaves have?

NUMBERS, LESSON IV.

Take eight leaves; separate them into four equal parts; what number will each of the parts be? What part of eight will it be?

Place eight leaves in a row; the one nearest you is called the first; the next one is called what? (The second.) What is the next to the second called? What is the next to the third called? etc.

One spring morning five little green leaves appeared on a lilac bush, the next morning there were enough more to make eight. How many more appeared?

One evening in autumn there were six yellow leaves on a crooked branch of an apple-tree, the next morning there were two more. How many yellow leaves then?

Late in autumn there were just eight leaves on a tall tree; three were yellow, one was red, and the others were yellow and red. How many were yellow and red?

SECOND GRADE—(FIRST TERM).

THE LITTLE BROWN BABY.*

READING, LESSON I.

Do you know the little brown baby?
Her home is very warm.
She is brown all over.
She has no pretty little dress.
Her hair is straight and black.
The brown baby's mamma is brown.
Does the brown baby love her mamma?
I know she does, and her mamma loves her little
brown baby.
The baby plays in the long grass.
She loves the flowers and birds.

brown
grass

baby
long

straight

READING, LESSON II.

At night the brown baby sleeps in her bed in the
tree.
What a queer bed!
Would you like such a queer bed?
Her mamma does not rock the little bed.
The wind blows and rocks the little bed.
Mamma sings to her baby.

* See Part I, page 189.

Does your mamma sing to you?

The brown baby's mamma sits by the tree and sings
to her baby in the queer little bed.

Her mamma has no little bed.

She sleeps by the tree.

The birds sleep in the trees.

night	sleeps	queer	bed
blows	rocks	sings	sits

READING, LESSON III.

Green leaves are over the brown baby's bed.

Pretty flowers and birds are in her warm home.

At night the little stars peep at the baby.

The little stars peep through the green leaves.

The moon peeps at the baby too.

The stars and moon peep at the baby in her queer
bed.

The wind sings through the trees.

The wind rocks the baby and sings to her, and her
mamma sleeps by the tree.

stars	peep	moon	through
-------	------	------	---------

READING, LESSON IV.

In the morning the birds sing.

The sun peeps through the leaves.

The stars and the moon are gone.

Are the brown baby and her mamma asleep?

The baby sleeps at night, and in the morning she
awakes.

The sun wakes the baby.

Mamma does not sleep in the morning.

The baby falls into her mamma's brown arms.
Mamma loves her little brown baby.

morning	gone	sun
wakes	falls	arms

READING, LESSON V.

Do you love the little brown baby?
She is a queer little baby.
Is she your little sister?
She is your little brown sister in the warm home.
All the little sisters in her warm home are brown.
The birds sing in her warm home.
The flowers are pretty in the brown baby's home.
The stars, the moon and the sun peep into the
brown baby's home.
Do they peep into your home?
Do you love your little brown sister?
sister all

DRAWING, LESSON I.

Mould the cocoanut in clay.
Also mould the cup from which the baby drank the
milk (half a cocoanut).

DRAWING, LESSON II.

Draw the cocoanut, and color brown (use water-
colors).
Also draw the cup.
Draw a bead, 'then the string of beads the brown
baby wore around her neck.
(Lessons I and II are based on the form, sphere.)

DRAWING, LESSON III.

Teach the color green. If possible match paper with the green feathers found on the parrot.

Draw a tree, and place in the top the bed of twisted vines in which the brown baby slept.

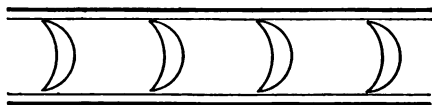
DRAWING, LESSON IV.

Draw the great dipper.

Draw the full moon, the half moon and the new moon.

DRAWING, LESSON V.

Let the children cut from green-colored paper eight new moons, and arrange in a border or design by pasting them on light-colored paper.



LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON I.

The little brown baby.

Her home (show on globe).

Description of country (very warm).

Description of baby;

Face,	}	brown.
Hands,		
Fingers,		
Body,		
Arms,		
Legs and toes,		

Hair—straight and black. How combed?
Clothing (compare with ours).

Only a string of beads around her neck.
How she lives—

With the birds and flowers.

Rolls in the soft grass.

Watches the young monkeys, chattering and
swinging among the trees.

A lesson on monkeys—

A full description and their habits.

Show pictures.

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON II.

Chases the splendid green parrots that fly among
the trees.

Talk of the bright-colored birds of warm
countries, and give a lesson on parrots.

A full description and their habits.

Show pictures. Have the bird if possible.

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON III.

She drinks the sweet milk of the cocoanut from
a round cup made of its shell.

Compare with the milk we drink from the
cow.

Show a cocoanut. Show how the cup
could be made. Speak of the meat
of the cocoanut, and the use we make
of it. Let the children taste the meat.

Show pictures of cocoanut trees.

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON IV.

Night.

What does mother do with the baby? (Tosses her into the little swinging bed in the tree.)
Compare with cradle.

Of what is the swinging bed made? (Twisted vines). Who made it? (Father).

What rocks her to sleep? (The soft wind, and sings to her; Rock-a-by baby, in the tree top).

Read "The Hang-bird's Nest"—Part I, page 154.

The stars (peep out through the leaves).

A lesson on stars (twinkle).

North star,	}	Describe and lead the children to find them.
Big dipper,		
The milky-way,		

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON V.

The large, round moon.

Teach full moon.

Teach half moon.

Teach new moon.

The birds (asleep in trees).

Mother bird (spreads her wings over the young ones).

Father bird (asleep, head under wing).

The chattering monkey (curls himself up for the night).

Night wind (takes care of baby, rocks her to and fro). Where is mother?

Perfect quiet. All at rest.

Teach the children to sing softly "Sleep, My Little One, Sleep."

LANGUAGE AND NATURE STUDIES, LESSON VI.

Rosy dawn (contrast with night).

The birds (lift up heads and sing).

The round sun (shines into the tree and lifts the shut lids of brown baby's eyes).

How baby gets out of her bed (rolls into mother's arms).

Her morning bath (compare with ours).

Her playmates (flowers and birds).

Is she happy? Who cares for her?

Can we help her?

NUMBERS, LESSON I.

How many cups will one cocoanut shell make?

How many cups will five cocoanut shells make?

How many cocoanut shells would you need to make two cups?

How many cocoanut shells would you need to make ten cups? Eleven cups?

If there were five cocoanuts under a tree and the monkeys threw down six more, how many would there be?

If the brown baby slept eleven hours, and her mother slept five hours less, how long did the mother sleep? If the father slept four hours less than the brown baby, how long did the father sleep?

If the mother had seven cocoanuts and the brown baby had four, how many cups could the father make?

NUMBERS, LESSON II.

The baby saw seven monkeys swinging in a tree, how many more must she see to make eleven monkeys?

If you divide eleven cocoanuts equally between two people, how many should you give to each?

One parrot has two wings, how many wings have five parrots?

In one tree a mother bird spreads her wings over eight little birds, in another tree the bird spreads her wings over three little birds; how many little birds are covered?

One monkey has four legs, how many legs have four monkeys? How many legs have three monkeys?

NUMBERS, LESSON III.

If one cocoanut holds a pint of milk, how much will six cocoanuts hold?

If the brown baby drinks the milk from three cocoanuts in one day, how many pints of milk would she drink in four days? How many quarts?

If the brown baby drinks the milk from three cocoanuts in one day, and her mother drinks the milk from four, and her father drinks the milk from four, how many pints of milk do they drink? How many quarts?

How many cocoanuts will it take to make four quarts of milk? How many to make eleven pints?

The baby's mamma sings her two songs each evening; how many would she sing her in six evenings? In how many evenings would she sing eight songs?

NUMBERS, LESSON IV.

If the brown baby chased nine green parrots in the morning and two in the evening, how many parrots did she chase?

The mother dips the baby into the pretty running brook every morning for a bath. How many baths does she give her in a week? How many does she give her in four days more than a week?

There are three stars in the handle of the great dipper and four in the cup. How many stars in the great dipper? How many less than eleven stars are there in the great dipper?

How many more stars in the cup of the great dipper than in the handle?

At night the mother bird spreads out her wings over the young ones in the nest; there are five little birds under one wing and four under the other. How many little birds? The father bird sits on a twig close by with his head under his wing. How many birds altogether?





Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. Sept. 26, '76, "Ref. Index File"
Made by **LIBRARY BUREAU**
530 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON

Keep Your Card in this Pocket

